



Augustine Lacroix

THE FLOWER FADED:

A SHORT MEMOIR

OF

CLEMENTINE CUVIER,

DAUGHTER OF BARON CUVIER:

WITH

REFLECTIONS

BY JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

SIXTH EDITION.

**"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the Word
of our God shall stand for ever."**

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DEDICATION.

MY DEAR S. A.

YOU cannot have forgotten that, during one of those seasons of severe illness with which it is the will of our Heavenly Father so often to afflict you, I selected for your perusal the short but exquisitely beautiful memoir of CLEMENTINE CUVIER, drawn up by the Rev. MARK WILKS, and inserted in the *Evangelical Magazine*, for February, 1828. You professed to admire her character, and wished to resemble her. Such a desire was commendable, and both on your part and on mine, ought to be assiduously cherished. I determined, therefore, to present you with the narrative, accompanied by a short account of

her illustrious father, and some reflections suggested by her early removal from the brilliant scenes by which she was surrounded, and the bright prospects which expanded before her. Although I dedicate this book in an especial manner to *you*, I design it, of course, for general circulation ; and, for that reason, have adopted a form of address suited to young persons of your own sex.

You were not born to the prospects and the hopes of CLEMENTINE CUVIER, nor like her have you been called to see their growing brightness suddenly obscured by the fogs that rise from the dark valley of the shadow of death ; but the scenes of opening life have for *you* also been shaded by the clouds of personal affliction. May you learn more impressively than ever, from this touching narrative, to what source to apply for consolation, and in what manner to obtain it. “ It is good,” said the prophet, “ for a man to bear the yoke in his youth,”* and the sentiment has been confirmed by the experience of multitudes of young persons of both sexes ; who, to the

surprise of their gay companions, have uttered amidst the scenes of their sorrow, the following strange and grateful testimony :

Father, I bless thy gentle hand ;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wand'ring soul to God !

Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord,
I left my guide and lost my way ;
But now I love and keep thy word.

'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

Youth is a time eminently favorable to the cultivation and enjoyment of religion: the body is then vigorous, the mind lively, the time at command, the spirit unoppressed with the rude cares of life, and the heart not bowed or broken with the sorrows of this world. Halcyon season! did the young know it. But, alas! they do not consider this, and instead of remembering their Creator in the

days of their youth, they put off the consideration of piety to the uncertain hereafter. Their temptations, I admit, are many. Youth is the vernal season of existence, and it is the first and only spring of its kind they will ever spend. The whole scene is covered with "living green," and adorned with blossoms of hope. Every thing has the freshness and charm of novelty. They roam onwards, pleased with the present, and still more attracted by the dim visions of the future; and thus, my dear S. A., the character is too generally formed by the plastic influence of things seen and temporal, and formed exclusively for an earthly existence, while things unseen and eternal are left out of view, and God is not in all their thoughts. Hence, Jehovah, in great mercy, sometimes darkens the prospect by affliction, that in the bitterness of disappointment they may turn from the vain shadows of the world, to the substantial realities of religion. How many have been plucked from the vortex of earthly pleasure, by the severe but merciful hand of a chastising God, and

have not only made it their confession on earth, but the theme of their song in heaven, "*It is good for me that I was afflicted.*"

God is love, and since he has placed our world, through the mediation of his Son, under a dispensation of mercy, the sufferings of the children of men are rather disciplinary than penal. "He does not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." His language that accompanies every affliction is this, "I spake unto thee in thy prosperity; but thou saidst, I will not hear; this hath been thy manner from thy youth, that thou obeyedst not my voice: now hear the *rod*, and who hath appointed it." God hath told us in a few words, the secret of all the sorrows which he calls us to endure on earth; "*He chasteneth us for our profit, that we might be partakers of his holiness.*" We cannot imagine that the bitter disappointments and deep sorrows of the following narrative, could have been inflicted by a God that delighteth in mercy, but with some merciful design. Seek then, my dear S. A., that in reference to your

own trials, you may be of one mind with God in sending them; and you know what that is, *that you might be a partaker of his holiness.* An affliction sanctified is better, said an old divine, than an affliction removed; and the first proof of a sanctified affliction, is an earnest and prayerful solicitude that it *might* be sanctified. In that precious volume, which is at once our pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, our brightest sun in prosperity, and our only lamp in the dark chamber of sickness, it is said, "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy." The drops of sanctified sorrow on earth, are the seeds of immortal joys in the heavenly world. "Our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

To that glory CLEMENTINE CUVIER has departed; and do think what heaven must be, where there are millions similar to her. What would earth be if its inhabitants were all as holy, as humane, as intelligent as she was? But the least in the kingdom of heaven is far greater than she was here below. O! who

ought to cling to this world, or should be reluctant to leave it, when such a community, gathered around the throne of God and the Lamb, beckon us away to their sublime, their perfect, their everlasting fellowship? May all your sufferings, by the grace of God, be the means of preparing you for that society, and then will you confess that you have not had one too many. That this may be the case, is the prayer of

Your affectionate * * *

J. A. J.

MEMOIR OF BARON CUVIER.

BARON CUVIER, the father of the subject of the following memoir, was a Protestant Peer of France, who by the force of genius, diligence, and virtue, rose from a comparatively obscure origin to be one of the most distinguished men of modern times. He combined, as he ascended in life, the seemingly incompatible characters of a profound philosopher, and an active statesman. Such were the powers of his mind, and so great was the versatility of his genius, that in whatever situation he was placed, his superiority was soon acknowledged by his associates and competitors. His greatest celebrity was derived from his extensive researches, valuable discoveries, and immortal works in the department of natural history, comparative anatomy, and especially in the subject of fossil geology. As a statesman, it

is a striking proof of his abilities and his moderation, and some think of his somewhat too great flexibility of politics, that he made himself acceptable to the despotic Napoleon, to the weak and bigoted Bourbons, and the liberal government of Louis Philippe ; by all of whom he was engaged in official functions for his country. "Those who have known this great man," says a writer in the Edinburgh Review, "and have followed him through his brilliant and diversified career, will not charge us with overstrained panegyric, when we say that in all the lists of fame we have enumerated, he not only attained a pre-eminent distinction, but acquired a reputation in each, which might have gratified the ambition of any common aspirant for fame.

"In the splendid museum of natural history and comparative anatomy which he almost created, we shall see him in the character of an indefatigable collector, a judicious classifier, and a skilful anatomist. As a lecturer on the same subject in the *Jardin des Plantes*, and in the College of France, he shone as a suc-

cessful teacher, and enchanted crowded audiences by the magic of his eloquence. As a secretary to the Institute, he acquired by his *Elloges* the reputation of the most learned and eloquent and powerful writer of this day. As a systematic author, his unwearied research, his lucid arrangement, and his pleasing, perspicuous, and nervous style, placed him above the philosophical naturalists of every age. As an original enquirer, his discoveries in fossil geology have raised him to the highest distinction, and given birth to new trains of research, which are fast disclosing to us the structure of our planet, and the nature of the convulsions with which it has been so often shaken. As Minister of Public Instruction, as Chancellor of the University, and Inspector General of Education, he conferred on the colleges of France and on her schools, on her religious and charitable establishments, the richest and most enduring benefits; and as a statesman charged with high legislative functions, he obtained for the French people many valuable ameliorations of their laws, and many solid

improvements in their political institutions.

“In 1818, CUVIER was elected a member of the French Academy, an honour which he owed to the eloquent *Eloges* he had read in the Institute; and in the same year he was offered the Ministry of the Interior, but upon political considerations to which he could not accede.’ In 1819, he was appointed President of the *Comité de l’Interieur*, belonging to the Council of State, and he was soon after created a Baron by Louis XVIII. who repeatedly summoned him to assist in the Cabinet Councils. He was appointed in 1822, Grand Master of the Faculties of Protestant Theology in the University; and in the Committee of the Interior, he was soon afterwards charged with the management of the affairs of all the different religions in France, except the Catholic. At the Coronation of Charles X. he officiated as one of the Presidents of the Council of State, and in 1826, he received the decoration of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour.

“These and other trophies of distinction which now almost overburthened him, were

far from being a suitable preparation for the heavy blow which was about to strike him at the heart. His only daughter CLEMENTINE CUVIER, now his only child, after surmounting the dangers of a sickly infancy, had been reinstated in the bloom of health, and had reached the winter of her twenty-second year. Her acquirements in profound studies were adorned with every accomplishment of her sex; and she united, in a singular degree, all the charms of physical, intellectual, and moral beauty. The loveliness of her person, and the elegance of her manners, were enchased in the fine gold of an ardent yet humble piety, and encircled with all the graces of a charitable and sympathising spirit; and amid the universal admiration which such a character commanded, she courted and she earned the blessings of the poor, the ignorant, and the afflicted. About the close of 1826, the first symptoms of a fatal disease showed themselves in her delicate constitution. Her health, however, was so completely re-established, that in the beginning of 1828, arrangements

were made for her marriage with an individual of her own choice, who was in every respect worthy of her love. The ceremony was fixed for the 25th. of August; but before the end of July her former disease returned with redoubled force, and terminated fatally on the 28th. of September. Her parents were overwhelmed with grief, and her bridal chaplet withering in the embrace of her funeral wreath, was to one disconsolate heart, an image of still deeper agony. Distracted with his loss, CUVIER sought and found in the most absorbing studies some alleviation of his sorrows; but though with this view he enforced upon himself the most intense and continued labour, yet on the occasion of his first discharge of a public duty, when this high pressure of his mental power was for a time removed, his feelings burst forth in uncontrollable grief. It has been related by an eye witness, says Mrs. LEE, his memorialist, that at the first sitting of the *Comité de l'Interieur*, at which he presided after this event, and from which he absented

himself two months, he resumed the chair with a firm and placid expression of countenance; he listened attentively to all the discussions of those present; but when it became his turn to speak, and sum up all that had passed, his firmness abandoned him, and his first words were interrupted by tears. The great legislator gave way to the bereaved father; he bowed his head, covered his face with his hands, and was heard to sob bitterly. A respectful and profound silence reigned through the whole assembly; all present had known CLEMENTINE, and therefore all could understand and excuse this deep emotion. At length CUVIER raised his head, and uttered these few simple words—‘ Pardon me, gentlemen, I *was* a father, and I have lost all.’ Then with a violent effort, he resumed the business of the day with his usual perspicuity, and pronounced judgment with his ordinary calmness and justice.”

CUVIER lived at the Jardin des Plantes for nearly forty years, surrounded by the objects which engrossed so great a portion of his

thoughts, and there received every Saturday the men of science of Paris, and all others who visited that Capital from any part of the world. Professors and pupils met in his rooms to listen with instruction and delight to his conversation, for he was accessible to all. Although compelled to be a very rigid economist of his time, he was so good natured and considerate, that if any person who had business to transact with him, called at an unexpected hour, he never sent him away, saying that one who lived so far off had no right to deny himself.

But I advance to the closing scene, which in all probability was accelerated by the withering influence of secret grief for CLEMENTINE'S death, which though diverted by private study and public business, could not be suppressed. The best account of his death is found in Baron PASQUIER'S *Eloge*. "On the 18th. of May, he opened, in the college of France, the course which he continued for three years with so much success, on the history of the Natural Sciences. Those who were present at the last

lecture of this great master, retain an impression which can never be imparted to such as have not experienced it, and of which I can convey but a very feeble notion. Seldom had he risen to such an elevation ; but his auditors were particularly struck with the last phrase which he used, to express his intention of taking a view of the actual state of the study of creation—that sublime study, which, while it enlightens and strengthens the human mind, ought to preserve it from the deceptive habit of regarding things apart from their relation to each other, and distorting them that they may be subjected to the laws of a system ; which ought, in short, to lead the thoughts incessantly to that Supreme Intelligence, who governs, enlightens, and vivifies all—*who reveals all things, and whom all things reveal.*

“ At this part of his lecture he displayed a calmness and justness of perception, combined with a depth and seriousness of thought, which led his auditors to think of that Book which speaks of the creation to all mankind. This was the result of his ideas rather than his ex-

pressions, for every thing in the free exposition which he made, breathed the feeling of the omnipotence of a supreme cause, and of an infinite wisdom. He seemed as it were, by the examination of the visible world, to be led to the precincts of that which is invisible, and the examination of the creature evoked the Creator. At last these words fell from him, in which it is easy to see a presentiment :—
“ Such, gentlemen, will be the object of our investigation, if time, my own strength, and the state of my health, permit me to continue and finish them.” The closing scene of M. CUVIER's life as a public teacher appears to me to have been impressed with peculiar beauty. Who could fail to be deeply affected at the last accents of so pure an intelligence, disengaged from the vanities and the interests of systems? Who could remain cold and insensible before the last look thrown on creation by him who had revealed so many of its mysteries? Who could resist the feeling excited by the view of science revealing eternal wisdom? How noble, how affecting, and how

prophetic! So soon to appear before the supreme tribunal, what conviction could he express, what words could he pronounce which would have formed a more suitable preparation? After this lecture, the first symptoms appeared of the disorder, which, in less than eight days, brought him to the grave. He presided, notwithstanding, on the following day at the Committee of the Interior. Soon, however, paralysis of a peculiar kind, destroyed in succession the nerves that produce voluntary motion, leaving uninjured those which form the seat of sensation; the members affected thus become completely inert, and yet retain their sensibility. All the assistance of art, lavished upon him by men of the greatest skill, was ineffectual, and it soon became apparent that his end was drawing near.

“Every one knew with what courage and serenity he saw it approach. The unremitting care and attention which were bestowed on him affected him deeply, but did not diminish his courage. Even to the last he permitted those to approach who had been on terms of

intimacy with him, and it was thus that I was a witness of his dying moments. Four hours before his death, I was in that memorable cabinet, where the happiest hours of his life had been spent, and where I have seen him surrounded with so much homage, enjoying his well merited success; he caused himself to be carried thither, and wished that his last breath should be drawn there. His countenance was in a state of perfect repose, and never did his noble head appear to be more beautiful or worthy of admiration. No alteration of a too sensible or painful kind had yet taken place—only a little weakness and difficulty in supporting himself were observable.

“ I held the hand which he had extended to me, while he said in a voice scarcely articulate,—‘ You see what a difference there is between the man of Tuesday, (we had met on that day,) and the man of Sunday; yet so many things remain to be done! Three important works to be published, the materials of which are prepared, and nothing remains for me but to write them.’ I made an effort to

find some words to express to him the general interest which he excited.* ‘I love to believe it,’ he replied; ‘I have long endeavoured to render myself worthy of it.’

“It will be seen that his last thoughts were toward the future, and aspiring after glory—a noble desire of immortality! At nine o’clock of the evening of the 13th of May, he had ceased to live, having reached only the age of 62, although belonging to a family remarkable for longevity.

“At his own desire, CUVIER was buried in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, beneath the tomb-stone which covered the remains of his daughter. His funeral obsequies were attended by men of all ranks and opinions, who even in the midst of a raging pestilence (the cholera,) were eager to offer on his tomb their last tribute of affection and admiration.”

Affecting exclamation! *So many things remain to be done!* And they were of course left *undone*. The stern messenger of heaven had received his commission to arrest the philosopher, and was allowed no discretion in

executing it; turning a deaf ear therefore, to the wishes of CUVIER for a respite, seconded though they were by those of the whole scientific world, he carried off his illustrious victim to the tomb. O what a comment upon the words of the wisest of men, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest." ECCLES. ix. 10. Reader, when death comes, may this not be *your* exclamation in reference to the GREAT WORK, the work of your salvation. Yet how common a case is this! What multitudes are surprised by the last enemy, with not only many works of time unfinished, but the work of eternity not even begun! How many, when the hand of death has been suddenly laid upon them, have started with amazement and horror from their neglect of salvation, only to be convinced that it was too late *then* to attempt it, and that they had made a mistake "at once *infinite* and *irreparable* : and had been guilty of an insatiation, which it will require *eternity* to deplore and *eternity* to comprehend."

Memoir

OF

CLEMENTINE CUVIER,

AS CONTAINED IN THE LETTER SENT TO THE EVANGELICAL
MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY, 1828.**Paris, January 11th. 1828.*

DEAR SIR,

I SEND you, as I promised, some account of the character and death of SOPHIA LAURE CLEMENTINE CUVIER, who was taken from us last September. We had hoped much from her piety, talents, and zeal; but she was prepared for higher enjoyments and more perfect services than those with which I had associated her; and though removed from the

* Some of the particulars contained in this Letter have already been *generally* alluded to in the foregoing account taken from the Edinburgh Review, the writer in which acknowledges to have received them from the *Archives du Christianisme*, a French periodical devoted to the cause of Evangelical Religion, and to which the account of CLEMENTINE was no doubt furnished by the same hand that sent it to the Evangelical Magazine.

sphere in which she promised to be so useful, at the early age of twenty-two, her departure has left an impression as profound and as salutary as might have been produced by many years of active and successful exertion. The frame of CLEMENTINE was never robust ; in her childhood her health was delicate ; but her mind displayed a precocious vigour ; when very young she preferred study to play, and always evinced a desire for improvement, which triumphed over all that is repulsive in serious occupations, to the ardour and gaiety of youth. When only thirteen years of age, she accompanied her father to England ; and an accidental circumstance revealed the habits of her mind, and the disposition of her heart, at that early age. She lost a book of prayers, which she was accustomed to use : it was found by a friend, who assisted her father in the education of his daughter—all the prayers were written by her own hand, and all had been composed by herself. •

As she advanced in years, her amiable and excellent qualities developed rapidly and pro-

gressively ; she became the delight, and even the instructress of the aged of her rank, and a model for the young—she took her place in all the religious institutions which had been formed in the last few years, in this city, and manifested not merely a benevolent interest in their success, but a Christian and spiritual attachment to the sacred cause they were intended to advance. During several years preceding her more decided profession of faith in the doctrines of the Gospel, it was easy to discover, on particular occasions, by the fixedness of her intelligent countenance, the attitude of her fine form, and the suffusion of her beautiful eyes, that her whole heart was occupied and engaged with the truths and facts, to which she listened with breathless eagerness. Clementine was a member of a committee of twelve ladies, who superintended the Female School of the Lutheran Church ; and she not only attended with regularity the classes, but she visited frequently the young persons in their families, that she might be useful both to the aged and the young. She founded

a benevolent Society, composed of young females of the two Protestant communions; she drew up the plan, and obtained the necessary assistance. This little Society has only existed about two years; but in the course of the last year, more than sixty families were relieved by gifts of clothes and linen, the work of the ladies themselves, and by distributions of bread and meat, purchased with the savings of their purse. CLEMENTINE was also one of the Collectors of the Ladies' Bible Society, and of the Ladies' Missionary Society; and besides these and other similar occupations, she frequently visited the Hospital for Aged Women, where the Protestants were collected in a room while she read the Scriptures, and the Psalms, and prayers of the Church to them, and addressed them, with modesty and wisdom, on the subjects that had been presented by their reading, or on those most suitable to their peculiar conditions. In the midst of these useful and delightful exertions, she was assailed by a pulmonary disease. Towards the close of the year 1826, her health was seriously

affected ; and from the month of December, till the February of the following year, she was confined to her bed. It was during this season of suffering, that God more particularly manifested to her the beauty and glory of the Gospel, and prepared her for that further manifestation of his love, to which in a few short months, it was her happiness to be admitted. Her habits of respect for religion, contracted in childhood, and manifested in the regular performance of all her relative and social duties, did not satisfy her desires, nor afford tranquillity to her mind. She felt that she must love an infinite object, and that Christ alone could fill the soul in which he had already excited those spiritual appetites which he has promised to supply. Even surrounded as she was by all the enjoyments and illusions of the world, she was only happy as she was conversant with the spiritual and substantial blessings of the kingdom of God. She read and reflected much : dreading on the one hand the pride of reason, and on the other, the impulse of the imagination, she examined

with severe application of mind, both her own religious state, and the doctrines that were presented to her faith. Buck's Christian Experience, Scott's Force of Truth, Gregory's Evidences, Appia's Christian Life, and especially Chalmers' publications, were read with delight; and that they met both her taste and her wants was evident from the numerous extracts that she made of those passages that were more particularly calculated to bring the mind into subjection to the obedience of Christ.

Long after every doubt had been removed as to the divine inspiration of the Scriptures, she complained that she did not feel her heart sufficiently affected by the remedy which the Gospel revealed, and of which she felt increasingly her need; at the same time she was convinced that faith is the gift of God, and that no man can call Jesus Christ, Lord, but by the Holy Ghost. In this state of mind, writing to one of her friends, she said—

“Every day brings me fresh proof of my own insufficiency; but ‘ask, and it shall be

given you ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.' These words save me from despair." Feeling increasingly her spiritual indigence, and especially the necessity of a free and sovereign pardon, she said in another letter,—

"It is not God, the Creator of the world, that we really love, but God the Saviour,—God who receives us graciously. The heart only feels real love to God, as it embraces the mysteries of the Gospel. The mercy of God, his love for sinful creatures, is manifested in an admirable manner and degree in the work of redemption ; and when that redemption is embraced, the heart must be regenerated, and consequently filled with love and gratitude to its Saviour ; but till then, it remains cold and insensible. The grace of God rises in my soul ; I comprehend the mercy of the Lord Jesus, and certainly I experience the sweetness of his promises."

Such convictions and desires could not but result in that "peace which passeth all understanding,"—the heart of CLEMENTINE was soon filled with delight and joy. In a letter

written in April last, she thus expressed herself:—

“ I want to tell you how happy I am : my heart has at length felt, what my mind has long understood ;—the sacrifice of Christ answers to all the wishes, and meets all the wants of my soul, and since I have been enabled to embrace with ardour all its provisions, my heart enjoys a sweet and incomparable tranquillity. Formerly, I vaguely assured myself that a merciful God would pardon me : but now I feel that I have obtained that pardon, that I obtain it every moment, and I experience inexpressible delight in seeking it at the foot of the Cross. My heart is full, and it is now that I understand the angelic song—‘ Glory to God in the highest, PEACE on earth, good-will towards men.’ But that which has especially affected me, and has, by the grace of God, opened to my view all the tender mercy of the plan of our redemption, is the import of those gentle but assuring words, ‘ He will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.’ ”

“I experience a pleasure in reading the Bible,” she said in another letter, “which I have never felt before: it attracts and fixes me to an inconceivable degree, and I seek sincerely there, and only there, *THE truth*. When I compare the calm and the peace which the smallest and most imperceptible grain of faith gives to the soul, with all that the world alone can give of joy, or happiness, or glory, I feel that the least in the kingdom of heaven, is a hundred times more blessed than the greatest and most elevated of the men of the world.”

Acknowledging with gratitude the comforts she possessed, and blessing the hand that inflicted the sufferings she endured, CLEMENTINE diffused around her the happiness she enjoyed. To one of her Christian friends, she wrote as follows:—

“Ours is, indeed, a delightful intimacy, for it will never end. Often I anticipate the day when we shall be all united in the same love. O how unhappy must they be, who know not the sweetness of such a hope! and what

thanks do we not owe to that God who has given us the experience of its power !”

Her benevolence, always active, now took a character more elevated and more in harmony with the charity of the Gospel.

“When I now hear of the errors and evil conduct of my fellow-creatures, or when I witness their perverseness,” she said on another occasion, “the disgust which I used to feel is exchanged for an indescribable movement of the heart: I want to speak to them, and I enter into the meaning of those divine words—‘Verily I say unto you, there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance.’”

The sight of evil in others, produced also in her, an increased feeling of her own weakness and unworthiness, and of the absolute necessity and sufficiency of Almighty grace.

“The certainty that without divine grace I can do nothing; but that that grace is always with me, that it surrounds me, preserves me, supports me,—this sweet assurance fills my

heart ; and thus I feel most profoundly, that faith alone can satisfy the void which I sometimes used to feel in my soul."

[A heavenly expression animated her countenance, while gentle and serious reflection was always impressed on her features. There was in her whole deportment something which seemed raised above this world. Never was a more benevolent disposition united with greater intellectual riches ; her countenance beamed with delight, when a good action was related ; but when satire or unkindness ventured to exhibit itself in her presence, she heard it with a thoughtful air, as if she did not understand what it meant—it was the only subject which seemed to be beyond her comprehension.] *Archives du Christianisme.*

The health of CLEMENTINE appeared to be sufficiently restored in the beginning of the summer, to permit her parents to wish for her marriage with a gentleman whom she preferred, and whose character justified her preference. The marriage was expected to take place on

the 25th of August last, and her sentiments on that occasion were thus expressed in a letter to a friend :—" I do not ask of God to make me happy, but to sanctify and purify my soul; and I expect that he will keep and preserve me in the important event. The profound conviction, that there is an infinite and merciful Being who orders all things, that not a hair of the head falls without his permission, and that he will controul every circumstance for my real welfare, gives me an habitual peace and tranquillity which nothing else could inspire."

It was in the midst of the preparations for her nuptials, that she was attacked by the disease which soon brought her to the grave. So fatal a result was not at first apprehended, either by CLEMENTINE or her family; but her mind was familiar with death, and her heart was prepared for heaven. Writing, about the period of her seizure, to an absent friend, she said :—

" What sweetness there is in the thought of that eternal life—of that state of rest and love!

'Then we shall comprehend those delightful words of our Saviour, ' I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am ye may be also.' "

[When her complaint was fully confirmed, and those around her could no longer doubt the result of this painful struggle, she seemed to derive increasing energy from her sufferings, and ceased to experience any fear. She thus spoke to Mr. D. (her intended husband) who was constantly beside her sick couch. " We must be resigned ; do not murmur ; without doubt I shall be grieved to leave so many persons whom I love ; but if it is the will of God, I am ready." These words, " If it be the will of God,"—" As it shall please God," were incessantly repeated by her ; they were her constant answers : and from *her* lips they were not unmeaning words, but the genuine expression of confidence and submission to the will of God. The patience with which she bore her various sufferings having extorted expressions of surprise and admiration from her friends, she was most anxious to prevent such remarks in future.] *Archives du Christianisme.*

Her disorder soon confined her to her bed, and, from the violence of the discharge of blood, she was unable to converse. Her sufferings were great; but her patience, her resignation, and her confidence were unimpaired. To a friend, who had not seen her during several days, she said, "God has been always with me; and he has holden me by the hand; nature has been impatient and has revolted, but the Lord has been always there, ready to support my courage." To another friend she said, "Pray for me, for I can no longer pray for myself." The accent and the look which accompanied these words were, however, a most powerful prayer. "It is God that supports me; I feel that he is with me, and if he leaves me, I feel his absence in a moment. You know," said she, appealing to her sister,* "that I was never naturally resigned." "If God grants you patience," said a visitor, "he sees that you merit his favour." "Hush," said she, with a most ex-

* A daughter of Madame Cuvier by a former husband.

pressive eagerness of manner, "talk not of merit." She manifested for her father and her sister the most tender affection; and on one occasion, when, after a violent attack, she had expressed her desire to depart, the tears of her sister and her parents so overcame her, that she reproached herself for such a wish, and exclaimed, "O how selfish I am! I will take my medicine, and try every remedy, because I wish to recover for your sakes." She gave to her intended husband a copy of "The Imitation of Christ," in which her trembling hand had marked some passages, and written some lines of Christian affection; and having requested him to place his head before her, she laid on it her hand, and said—"Lord, bless us both! Lord, restore me that I may love thee more; but if thou hast otherwise decided, thy holy will be done."

As a proof of the strength and tenderness of her filial piety, and of her deep solicitude for the spiritual welfare of her parents, an incident may be mentioned which occurred not long before her decease. A number of pious

ladies, some of them persons of rank and distinction, had mutually agreed to spend an hour in the week, each in her own retirement, but all at the same time, to pray for the conversion of their relatives. CLEMENTINE was one of this little praying band, and most conscientiously kept the sacred appointment: and we can easily imagine what were the hallowed feelings of her soul, in those solemn seasons set apart to plead with God for the conversion of her illustrious parent. One night, when rapidly sinking under the power of her disease, she was heard to say with considerable emphasis and emotion, "*My father, my father.*" The by-standers on hearing the expression, sent for the Baron, who came immediately to the bed-side of his dying child. She intimated, however, that it was not her design to have him sent for, and seemed somewhat discomposed at his appearance. Her friends were a little at a loss to account for her conduct, till one of them, who was in the secret of her closet engagement on behalf of her relatives, on looking at the clock, per-

ceived that it was the hour of her intercession with God for their salvation. The cry of "My father, my father," was in fact the audible expression of her wrestling with God for the conversion of the Baron : her feelings had become too strong to be repressed into silent mental prayer, and burst forth in supplication, with strong crying and tears. Nothing could make her forget the hour consecrated to prayer for her beloved father, not her own great sufferings and approaching death ; and strong in death, the sacred feelings of a pious child, lived and triumphed in her breast.

[The last hours (September 28) which this heavenly minded young woman spent on earth, were even more remarkable than any of her preceding days. The night had been passed in delirium ; it still continued ; but she had intervals of reason, and her *heart* never wandered. She was even more than ever pervaded with resignation, faith, and love. Though still detained on earth, her heart incessantly aspired to the heavenly country, whither she was going. "You know," said

she to a friend, a few hours before her death, "you are my sister in Christ—for eternity—there is nothing else deserves the name." She perceived that Mr. D. had been weeping; "What is the matter with you?" said she, "I am grieved to see you ill—all is right, since it is the will of God."] *Archives du Christianisme.*

She recovered the power of speech again about half an hour before she breathed her last; she called her relatives, but she could not pronounce their names, and could only press their hands—she was calm, she sighed—a sweet smile settled on her lovely countenance: she was absent from the body, and present with the Lord.

An incident which occurred when the coffin was to be closed on the inanimate form of CLEMENTINE, furnished an affecting proof of the respect entertained by Baron CUVIER for the religious belief and habits of her whom he had so prematurely lost.

But a short time before her death, she had shewn to one of her most intimate Christian

friends, a volume containing the New Testament and the Psalms, which she had had bound together and interleaved with blank pages. "This," said she to her friend, "I design for my wedding present to you." "Indeed," said her friend, "and why not give it me now?" "No, my dear," replied CLEMENTINE, "not now, I shall use it myself, and I wish to write something in it before I give it you."

After the first agitation occasioned by her death, her friend remembered the promised volume, and as the present was not less precious as a relic than as a gift, she was eager to gain possession of the book, which she considered as her own. It was not to be found; she examined the chamber herself in vain; she continued her researches without success; the intended bridegroom assured his friend, that he had not, as she had suspected, removed the volume; at length, by enquiring minutely of all the persons who had assisted in the performance of the last offices preparatory to the funeral, the destination of the lost treasure was ascertained.

It is usual in France to raise the hands of deceased persons, place them on the breast, and support them in that position by some object that had belonged to the departed. In this case, a book, a volume of sermons much read by CLEMENTINE, had been selected by her attendants. When the Baron came to take his final farewell of the body of his child before the coffin was closed, he enquired what book supported her hands; and when informed, "That will not do," said he; "*the Bible* was my Daughter's Book: is there not one here?" Among the books in her Chamber was found the interleaved copy, designed for her friend; the title page was shewn to the Baron, "Ah!" said he, "*that* was *her* book;" and he placed it under the hands of the unconscious daughter: under those hands that had often been joined and raised in prayer for her beloved father.

The lady who had thus lost the promised pledge of her eternal friendship with CLEMENTINE, was consoled, and in some degree compensated for her disappointment, by the

assurance that the grave of her lamented friend contained the proof that a certain measure of sympathy of sentiment on the most important subjects, united the afflicted Baron and his departed child.

The funeral of this young lady formed a scene of interest and solemnity, unprecedented in this city. Her remains were first carried to the Lutheran Church, where a prayer was offered up amidst the tears and sobs of multitudes, and then deposited in the Cemetery of Père la Chaise, where a discourse was delivered by one of the Pastors, and another by Mr. SATRANDI, a literary friend.

Yours affectionately,

M. W.

REFLECTIONS.

READER, you have now perused this short but interesting memorial of the young, the beautiful, the pious CLEMENTINE CUVIER; and while the heart is softened, I would hope to receive the impression of religious truth, may I solicit your serious and devout attention to the lessons with which the narrative is fraught.

First,—Does it not most impressively remind us of the VANITY OF THE WORLD, and that, in two points of view, its insufficiency to make us happy, and the uncertainty of its continuance?

“Vanity of vanities, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.” With such a confession did the man go off the stage of existence, who of all the human race was the best qualified to give an opinion upon such a subject. If the possession of royalty, unbounded wealth, peace,

surpassing wisdom, and all the sources of sensual gratification, could satisfy the desires of an immortal soul, then had not SOLOMON been compelled by experience to reduce the sum total of the world's power of giving happiness to two mere cyphers, and pronounce it to be nothing but vanity and vexation. And now hear the testimony of another, "by whom the world with its fashions and its follies, its principles, and its practices, has been proposed in form to Englishmen, as the proper object of their attention and devotion.* Lord CHESTERFIELD has avowed as much with respect to himself, and by his writings said in effect to it, 'Save me, for thou art my God.' He has tendered his assistance to act as priest upon the occasion, and conduct the ceremonial. At the close of life, however, his God he found was about to forsake him, and therefore was forsaken by him.—You shall hear some of his last sentiments and expressions, which have not been hitherto, so far as I know, duly

* I have quoted this in another of my works, but it is so striking that it will bear to be re-quoted.

noticed and applied to their use ; that of furnishing an antidote, and they do furnish a very powerful one, to the noxious positions contained in his volumes. They are well worthy your strictest attention. ‘ I have seen,’ said this man of the world, ‘ the silly rounds of business and pleasure, and have done with them all. I have enjoyed all the pleasures of the world, and consequently known their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which is in truth very low ; whereas those who have not experienced always over-rate them. They only see their gay outside, and are dazzled with their glare : but I have been behind the scenes. I have seen all the coarse pullies and dirty ropes which exhibit and move the gaudy machines : and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles, which illuminate the whole decoration to the astonishment and admiration of an ignorant audience. When I reflect back upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry

and bustle, and pleasure of the world had any reality; but I look upon all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams which opium commonly occasions; and I by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose for the sake of the fugitive dream. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resignation which most people boast of? No, for I really cannot help it. I bear it because I must bear it, whether I will or no. I think of nothing but killing time the best way I can, now that he has become mine enemy. It is my resolution to sleep in the carriage during the remainder of the journey.'

"When a Christian priest speaks slightly of the world, he is supposed to do so in the way of his profession, and to decry through envy, the pleasures he is forbidden to taste. But here I think you have the testimony of a witness every way competent. No man ever knew the world better, or enjoyed more of its favours, than this nobleman. Yet you see in how poor, abject, and wretched a condi-

tion, at the time when he most wanted help and comfort, the world left him, and he left the world. The sentences above cited from him compose, in my humble opinion, the most striking and affecting sermon upon the vanity of the world, ever yet preached to mankind."*

Such was the confession in his old age, to a son that afterwards died by his own hand, of Lord CHESTERFIELD, the oracle of English gaiety and manners.

It were easy to cite testimonies to the vanity and insufficiency of the world from writers, compared with whose purer, brighter fame, that of Lord CHESTERFIELD is but as the spark of an extinguished candle sending forth smoke and an intolerable odour, to the light of the morning. Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH, one of the most accomplished men and elegant writers of modern times, in speaking of Madame De STAEL, that extraordinary woman who astonished all Europe by her writings and her conversation, observes—"Placed in

* Bishop HORNE's Sermons.

many respects in the highest situation to which humanity can aspire ; possessed, unquestionably, of the highest powers of reasoning ; emancipated in a singular degree from prejudices ; and entering with the keenest relish into all the feelings that seemed to suffice for the happiness and the occupations of philosophers, patriots, and lovers, she has still testified, that *without religion there is nothing stable, sublime, or satisfactory ; and that it alone completes and consummates all to which reason and affection can aspire.*" What a confession from one whom the greatest monarchs of Europe either feared or courted, and who lived amidst the applause of all the rarest minds on earth at the time. Yet *she* found the world a broken cistern, and turned at last to religion as the only fountain that could satisfy the cravings after happiness which are felt alike by the greatest and the least of the human race. If all the brilliant scenes which the world presented to this wonderful woman proved to be phantoms, and ended in vanity, what has it to offer that can satisfy ordinary minds ?

Precisely the same thing happens in savage as in civilized life, for the soul of man is everywhere the same in its desires and its disappointments, as long as things seen and temporal are the highest objects of its ambition. An old man in Siberia, once said to a Missionary, " I will state to you a case, and request your opinion of it. There was a man who, during a long life, wished to enjoy many things, and many of his desires were granted ; he wished to have sons, and sons were given him ; to have grand children, and his eyes have seen them ; to be admitted to the feasts and assemblies of the people, and he was gratified with these ; to enjoy the pleasures of the chase, and he was a successful hunter ; he sought increase of riches, and his cattle multiplied ; he wished for length of days, and he is now an old man. But now he has nothing more to wish or hope for in life, for the day of death cannot be far off. He has done with feasting, and travelling, and hunting, and making rich, and now he wishes to know if he may, without making any noise about it,

simply worship the God of heaven, without avowing himself a Christian, and give up the worship of the temple Gods, but make no formal abjuration of them !"

How near akin to the experience of Solomon, the wisest and richest of men, as described in the book of Ecclesiastes, was that of the poor savage here described ; how like to both these was the feeling of Madame De STAEL, and Lord CHESTERFIELD ; how consentaneous is the testimony of them all with the universal sentiments of mankind ; and how clearly and fully does the experience of the human race attest, that there is a void in the heart of man which nothing but religion can fill, and a yearning which nothing else can satisfy.

But perhaps the history of CLEMENTINE CUVIER will furnish an illustration of the emptiness of the world, far different in kind from these, but as likely to impress a young heart, as any that could be brought forward. Observe her situation, and mark the rare combination of circumstances which it pre-

sented to delight and fascinate an ardent mind. Think of the celebrity of her illustrious father, whose political offices and philosophical researches drew around him all the most distinguished men of France, and made his home one of the Parisian centres of intellectual and national greatness; think of those personal accomplishments and mental acquirements which excited the admiration and interest of all who knew her; think of the respect and attachment of the humane and religious, whose schemes she supported, and whose institutions she patronised; add to this the gratitude she perpetually received from the persons whose wants she had relieved; and to crown all, think of the attachment of her lover, and the prospect of her marriage, and you will then perceive that the world invested with its brightest and purest glory stood before her in a form best adapted to captivate a pure and youthful mind, and to compel it to say, "Tis enough, I am satisfied; it is good to be here." But *did* it satisfy her mind? Did it fill her heart, and leave her

nothing more to wish for? No. Her memorialist tells us, that "*surrounded as she was by all the enjoyments and illusions of this world, she was only happy as she was conversant with the spiritual and substantial blessings of the kingdom of God. She FELT THAT SHE MUST LOVE AN INFINITE OBJECT, AND THAT CHRIST ALONE CAN FILL THE SOUL.*" Even to *her* the world was nothing more than a broken cistern, that could hold no water, and she thirsted, panted, and looked round for the fountain of living water—and found it—IN RELIGION.

Reader, does the world satisfy *you*? Perhaps you are a votary of worldly pleasure, and found at all its gay resorts: if so, let me ask you, whether there are no occasional feelings of dissatisfaction; no cravings after something better; no surmisings that this is a scanty portion for a rational and an immortal mind to live upon; no seasons of envy and disappointed ambition; no felt resentments of a soul finding out that it is mocked with the shadows of happiness

instead of the substance ? Does not a time of reflection come, when after the music is silent, the party is scattered, and all the gay pageantry is passed away, and you are alone, the mask drops from the world, and the gay deceiver stands before you a detected impostor, a convicted liar ? Are there not seasons of *ennui*, when under the influence of satiety and disgust, you exclaim in bitterness, “ Yes, it is all vanity ; the Preacher has *said* it, and I *feel* it.” Do you not find at times, that *you* also want an *infinite* object for the affections, which shall yield not drops to tantalise, but ever flowing streams to satisfy ; a fountain, a “ river of life, clear as crystal ?” Hear then the words, listen to the invitation of the prophet, “ Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters ; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy wine and milk, without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread, and your labour for that which satisfieth not ? Hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fat-

ness." Isaiah lv. 1, 2. CLEMENTINE was never happy amidst all she had or hoped for, till she complied with this invitation, till she opened her heart to the enjoyment of religion ; and then she found rest and peace for her spirit, and hungered and thirsted no more.

But her short history proves the vanity of the world in another point of view, by impressing us with the *transient and precarious tenure of its possessions*.

The experience of all the parties in this painful event concur in teaching the uncertainty of the best and brightest hopes. If we turn to the bereaved father, we see him standing on the very pinnacle of human glory, yet suddenly followed and wrapt, even there, with a cloud so dark and dense, as to render nothing visible to him but the gloomy shadow that had fallen upon his prospect ; and we hear him, at the very time when a nation proud of his name was laying the tribute of its homage at his feet, giving vent to the sorrows of his bursting heart, in those few and bitter words, "*I WAS a father, but have lost*

all." What did he not hope for from his CLEMENTINE, the last, the most beautiful and promising of his children ! O what a wreck was made when she died ! What blissful anticipations hung withering like fading flowers, upon her sepulchre, or were interred in her coffin ! Earth presented little to interest him, when he saw this angel daughter take wing and flee to heaven : and after he had gazed, and lost her in the cloud which received her out of his sight, who can wonder, that as he looked upon her vacant seat in his own house, he should mournfully exclaim, "*Vanity of vanities, all is vanity !*" Nor was *his* the heaviest loss, the deepest emphasis of woe, the sharpest pang of disappointment. There was one whose love was more tender, and whose hope was more fondly eager than even that of a father ; one who was so soon to receive her as his lovely bride, and call her the companion of his life, the sharer and ornament of his home, the mother and instructor of his children, the comfort and counsellor of his spirit, amidst the sorrows and difficulties of his

earthly pilgrimage ; whose seraphic piety was to aid him in his heavenward course, and who, perhaps, would attend him as his ministering angel in the dark valley of the shadow of death. O for *him* to have her snatched from his embrace almost before the altar, when she was so soon to be united with him in the bonds of wedded love ! What a mockery of earthly expectations was here ! What a proof of the vanity of the world, and the delusive nature of its prospects and of its promises was this ! And then think of CLEMENTINE herself. Whose opening scenes of life could be more flattering than hers ? The morning was at length calm and beautiful ; the sky serene and clear ; the mists, which at one time had arisen, had vanished, and left an unclouded sun to shine upon her path. Every thing invited hope, and every thing seemed to support and justify the fondest anticipations.

But mortal pleasure, what in truth art thou ?
The torrent's smoothness c'er it dash below.

On a sudden, a storm arose, and the aspect

of every thing was changed. A mortal sickness came upon her, and from the bed of death she beheld the dark fogs gather and settle upon the prospect; she saw the enchanting scenes which had so lately spread out in vernal beauty before her, sink one after the other into the deepening gloom; she witnessed the preparation of her nuptials, exchanged for those of her funeral obsequies, and contemplated nought, so far as earth is concerned, but the cemetery occupying the field of vision! So uncertain, and therefore so vain, are the promises, so deceptive the smiles of the world! O who would hang their best and fondest hopes on the brittle thread of life? Who that is wise will stake his chief happiness on a beating pulse? "The voice said, cry; and he said what shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the *flower fadeth*, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it. Surely the people is grass." Even granting, then, that you enjoy the world, and that it has per-

formed all its promises, and left you nothing to wish, but that things should remain as they are, how do you know that they *will* remain as they are? What is wanting here? said a courtier to his Sovereign, with whom he was riding amidst the acclamations and splendour of a triumphal procession.—“CONTINUANCE,” replied the monarch. So say I. Tell me if you will, of your youth, your health, the buoyancy of your spirits, your happy connexions, your gay parties, your elegant pleasures, your fair prospects; and then ask me what is wanting: I reply, “CONTINUANCE.” A single day may spoil every thing; before to-morrow’s sun shall rise, you may be attacked by disease and death. You know not what an hour may bring forth. Turn then for happiness from the world to religion; this is both satisfying and certain. Nothing can rob you of its privileges; they are vast as the capacity of your soul, and lasting as your eternal existence. Hear the beautiful language of Christ.—“Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never

thirst: but the water that I shall give him shall be in him, a well of water springing up into everlasting life." JOHN iv. 14.

The following verses pleasingly illustrate the folly of fixing our affections on any thing earthly, and of seeking our happiness in any thing short of God himself.

THE REMONSTRANCE.

Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay ;
I never lov'd a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with his soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.

MOORE.

THE REPLY.

Why hast thou thus from childhood's hour
Fix'd hope on things which soon decay ?
Why hast thou lov'd a tree or flower,
Untaught that such must fade away ?

Would wisdom choose a dear gazelle,
Howe'er it roll'd its soft black eye,
As that which *long* could know thee well,
And love thee long, when sure *to die* ?

Lo ! now thou'rt come to manhood's hour,
 Hast seen thy fondest hopes decay,
 Bid thy soul speed in heav'n born pow'r,
 To bliss which ne'er can fade away.

In faith behold enduring joys
 Spring up on earth from light above ;
 Despise life's gilded infant toys,
 And rest in God, for "GOD IS LOVE."

CHRISTIAN OBSERVER.

The *second* lesson we learn from this beautiful narrative, is *the nature, the transcendent excellence, and the beneficial effects of true religion.* * And what is religion? A question this of infinite moment. Indifference to *all* religion is shocking in a rational, fallen, immortal creature: and ignorance of *true* religion is little less so. It is not *any* kind of religion that will save us, but only that which God has enjoined in his word. It is painful to think how many are most laboriously occupied in following false views of this subject, and to whom may be addressed the words of the Prophet, "Behold all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have of

mine hand, ye shall lie down in sorrow.”—ISAIAH, L. 11. Turn back to the religion of CLEMENTINE, and you will see that with her it was a matter of deep earnestness and devout seriousness; it was not a mere form, a set of opinions, a round of ceremonies, but *a thing of the heart*, a matter that engaged and occupied the soul.^x “During several years preceding her more decided profession of faith in the doctrines of the Gospel, it was easy to discover on public occasions, by the fixedness of her intelligent countenance, the attitude of her fine form, and the suffusion of her beautiful eyes, that her *whole heart* was occupied and engaged with the truths and facts to which she listened with breathless earnestness.”

¹ ^x To suppose that there can be true religion without great solicitude, and for a while even an oppressive anxiety, is in the highest degree irrational. Such a subject *must* produce a deep thoughtfulness, a meditative solemnity, a devout seriousness. If levity be not checked, if a taste for gaiety be not repressed, if a love

of worldly pleasure be not abated, if there be the same fondness for the company and pursuits of the people of the world, there can be no real piety ; religion does not, cannot exist in such a state of mind as this. A person may indeed go to church or chapel with uninterrupted regularity and untiring constancy, without suspending their amusements, or losing their relish for fashion, folly, or dissipation, just because they may keep up an attendance upon public worship without a particle of religion. Think how momentous, how awfully momentous a thing true piety is ; it is the transaction of a soul with God on the high concern of eternal salvation ; it is the escape of a sinner from all the consequences of his sin ; it is the flight of a human spirit from the wrath of God, the curse of the law, and the bitter pains of eternal death ; it is repentance for all the sins of a life ; it is the entire change of our whole moral nature ; it is a deliberate surrender of the heart to God ; it is the setting out of an immortal mind upon her journey to glory, honour, and immorta-

lity :—what ! and all this, without deep solicitude, intense earnestness, absorbing interest ? It were absurd to suppose it. Nothing can better describe or express the first stage of religious experience than the anxious enquiry of the Philippian jailor—“ *What shall I do to be saved ?* ” *What shall I do to gain the salvation of my immortal soul ?* What ! the salvation of the soul a matter of such little consequence, that it may be carried on without any abatement of the natural levity of the human mind, or the ardent thirst after vanity ? Is it possible that such an affair can be conducted while the mind is supremely intent upon the pleasures of the world ? As well might you imagine a condemned criminal intent at the same moment upon gaining a pardon, and enjoying the society of a party of card players ; or a person afflicted with a fatal disease anxiously seeking a remedy for his complaint, and at the same time enjoying the festivities of a ball room. No. The things are incompatible. *Religion must make us SERIOUS if it really take possession of our*

hearts. This very term has been selected, not inappropriately, to describe the commencement of piety in the soul, and it is said of any one recently awakened to the concerns of eternity, "*She has become SERIOUS.*" And it cannot be otherwise. Serious we must and shall be, if we are sincere and earnest in religion. Can a shipwrecked mariner, standing upon a sinking vessel, ask without earnestness, the question—*what shall I do to be saved?* Much less can a lost sinner just awakened to see his danger and become desirous of salvation, ask the same momentous question without an intense anxiety of mind. Here then religion begins, in a clear perception of our sin both by nature and practice; a discovery of our being in a fallen, ruined condition, in consequence of our transgression of the law of God; a sense of just liability to the wrath of God; a feeling of naked and defenceless exposure to the storm of divine indignation: and the necessary result of this will be, a solicitous state of mind, which will render not only insipid, but distasteful, the vain amusements and fashionable follies of the world. ✕

The next thing in real religion, and which was conspicuous in the piety of CLEMENTINE, is *faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, for pardon and acceptance with God.*^x Observe again her expressions—"It is not God the Creator of the world that we really love, but God the SAVIOUR—God who receives us *graciously*. The sacrifice of Christ answers to all the wishes and meets all the wants of my soul. Formerly I vaguely assured myself that a merciful God would pardon me; but now I feel that I have obtained that pardon, that I obtain it every moment, and that I experience inexpressible delight in seeking it at the foot of the cross." "If God grant you patience," said a visitor to her during her last illness, "He sees that you merit this favour." "Hush," she replied with a most expressive eagerness, "talk not of merit." "Talk not of merit." O how much is expressed and taught in that one short sentence. A sinner has no merit, can^s have none, in the sight of God. How can he? As a sinner he merits *punishment*, and how then can he merit *pardon*?

A just man falsely charged with a crime, may merit acquittal, but how can a *sinner* truly charged with transgression, deserve or merit pardon? The thing is absurd, for it is a contradiction. If we are *sinners*, we deserve death; and how then by any subsequent conduct of our own can we deserve life? Even if that subsequent conduct were absolutely perfect, yet inasmuch as we owe it to God for the future, it could not merit the pardon of *past* transgression. How much less then can it be supposed we can merit that pardon, when we are continually sinning afresh every day. The best doings of even the best men, have some defects or imperfection attending them; surely then no sinner can be saved by his own merits. Hence the declarations of the apostle, "Now we know that what things soever the law saith, it saith to them that are under the law; that every mouth may be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God. *Therefore by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified in his sight; for by the law is the*

knowledge of sin." Romans, iii. 19, 20. "If by grace, then it is no more of works; otherwise grace is no more grace." Romans, xi. 6. "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man boast." Ephesians, ii. 8, 9. "Not by works of righteousness, which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us." Titus, iii. 5. In all these passages, as well as through all the New Testament, it is most explicitly declared, that man has no merit, and cannot be pardoned and justified on the ground of his own works. Let him do what he may, as much as he may, either before or after his conversion, either with or without the help of God, he cannot be accepted to the divine favour on the ground of his own doings or sufferings. The very idea that he has any merits of his own, any goodness of nature or conduct that deserves for him, and will secure to him the favour of God and the pardon of his sin, will prevent him from being saved; it will put salvation far from him, and he cannot be accepted of God till he

has put it away. This notion was the sin of the Jews as described by the apostle, "For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God." Romans, x. 3. This is self-righteousness, and it is a state of mind which instead of recommending us to God, is exceedingly displeasing in his sight, for it insults his justice in the law, and contemns his mercy in the Gospel.

If then we cannot be justified by our own works, how is this immensely important blessing to be obtained? The apostle answers the question; "Being justified *by faith*, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have access by faith into this grace, wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God." Romans, v. 1, 2. "*To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his FAITH is counted for righteousness.*" Romans, iv. 5. "For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that be-

lieveth." Romans, x. 4. Behold then the way of salvation, the true way, the only way, the sure way, the way for all. "BY GRACE ARE WE SAVED THROUGH FAITH." ^xHe that *believeth* shall be saved. But *what* are we to believe? That we are lost and ruined sinners, depraved by nature and guilty of innumerable actual transgressions; that we are deserving of the wrath of God, and really exposed to it on account of our sins; that God would be righteous in our destruction; that in a way of mere favour and undeserved mercy, he sent his Son to be a propitiation through faith in his blood to declare his righteousness, that he might be just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus; that he is now willing to receive to his favour every sinner, not excepting the chief, who comes to him through Jesus Christ; that our entire, sole, and habitual dependence for pardon, is to be on the mercy of God, granted to us for the sake of the death of Christ—all this we are to believe with the heart, and so to believe as to expect salvation, and to rejoice

in hope of the glory of God. Every hope, every idea, every expectation of pardon, must rest entirely upon Christ. Christ is the procurer of our salvation, and faith is the means of obtaining it from him; Christ is the only foundation, and faith is the only way of resting upon that foundation; Christ is our righteousness, and faith unites us to him and makes that righteousness ours. This, this is the religion of the New Testament, (this was the religion of CLEMENTINE CUVIER,) this is the religion of every true Christian, and is the only religion which will take any one to heavenly glory. ✕

Connected with faith, is *regeneration* or that New Birth which our Lord thus declared to NICODEMUS, "Verily, verily, except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." John, iii. 5. The New Birth means that entire spiritual change in our heart and conduct, which is wrought in us by the Spirit of God, when our fallen and corrupt nature is taken away, and a holy and heavenly nature is given in its place.

The whole bent and bias of the *will* is now changed, because the taste and disposition of the *heart* are changed ; and, to use the emphatic language of the apostle, the subject of this great moral renovation becomes a *new creature*, old things are passed away and all things are made new. His *nature* is changed and not merely his *conduct*. His tastes, his pursuits, his judgments are altered. His outward actions are but the expressions of inward feelings. He imagines, thinks, feels, purposes, fears, hopes, rejoices, and sorrows differently to what he did. Such is the New Birth, and it is an essential part of real religion ; there can be no religion without it. Nor is this necessary only for *some* persons, the vicious and immoral for instance, but for all, not excepting the amiable, the moral, and the virtuous. The latter as much need to be born again as the former. (The New Birth was as necessary for the lovely CLEMENTINE, as the odious and execrable ROBESPIERRE.) No degrees of natural virtue can raise any human being above the necessity of a spiri-

tual change, for all are sinners and all must be renewed.

And can *this* be done without earnestness, *intense earnestness*? No. It begins in seeing and feeling that we are exposed to the condemnation of Almighty God, and it proceeds in urging the enquiry, "*What shall I do to be saved?*" Many go to church or chapel all their lives, and yet have no religion, for they have no clear views of their sin, no fear of wrath to come, no heartfelt solicitude after salvation. ✕

† Another characteristic of true religion, (and of the religion of CLEMENTINE,) is *supreme love to God*; and what is any religion but a name, where this is wanting? "This is the first and great commandment, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Matt. xxii. 37. ("She felt she must love an infinite object." And how this love was produced, she tells in another place.) "The heart only feels real love to God as it embraces the mysteries of the Gospel. The mercy of God, his

love for sinful creatures, is manifested in an admirable manner and degree, in the work of redemption; and where that redemption is embraced, the heart must be regenerated, and consequently filled with love and gratitude to the Saviour." This is very true: we shall never love God, and consequently never have true religion, till we believe the love God has to us; for, says the apostle, "We love him because he first loved us." Religion, then, and it cannot be repeated too often, is to love God supremely and practically, so as to delight in his holy, just, and merciful character, to obey his commandments, to approach him in the spirit of adoption, and to seek to please him in all our ways. This accords with the language of St. Paul,—“In Jesus Christ, neither circumcision availeth any thing, nor uncircumcision, but *faith which worketh by love*. Gal. v. 6. He that would understand what is the religion of the New Testament, the religion that is acceptable to God, the religion that will make him happy, that will wean him from the world, that will com-

fort him in death, that will take him to heaven, let him study till he understand it, this short but beautiful compendium of it,—*faith that worketh by love*, for it is all included in this. ✕

Having described very briefly to you the nature of religion, it may be of great importance to guard you against some other things which resemble it, but which are *only* its resemblances. There may be a *constitutional dread* of God, as of some awful power whom it is dangerous to offend, who is rather an object of aversion than of love, delight, and confidence, and whom it is desirable to propitiate in some way or other, as we would a malevolent being who had our destiny at command. *This* is not religion. There is an *educational reverence* for Him, which though it keeps its subject from all scoffing at sacred things, all ridicule or persecution of pious people, and leads him to manifest something of respect for religious places, and services, is yet unaccompanied by true repentance, faith in Christ, and supreme love to God. Nor is *this* religion. *Superstitious awe*, the awe

which comes over the mind at the grave, where all men are serious in spite of themselves, or during the solemn explosions of a tempest, when the imagination seems to recognise God's voice in the thunder, and the flashes of his eyes in the lightnings; or which seizes the soul during the solemn stillness of midnight, when deep sleep falleth upon man, and there is silence, and the image of the invisible One, the Spirit of Him who maketh darkness his pavilion, passeth before us; this, though it causes fear and trembling, is not true piety. Nor is it a *mere religious sensibility*, a sentimental imaginative emotion which is awakened by the aid of pictures and carved work, speaking to the eye on sacred subjects, or is produced by the power of music and poetry, addressing the ear; nor is it the effect of the imposing pomp of Gothic architecture, either whole or in ruins, stealing over the senses, and disposing the mind to pensive, devotional, and solemn melancholy. All these may exist, and yet there may be no true piety; nothing but a spurious pretence, which is so

different from real godliness, as scarcely to be called a resemblance.

Nor must I omit to caution you against another pretender to religion, more specious than the things just mentioned, but not more deserving of the name of true piety; I mean *that admiration of the power, wisdom, and beneficence of the Creator*, in which science indulges as it surveys the proofs of benevolent intelligence with which the universe is replete. It is not, it *cannot* be my intention to depreciate the advantages of science, nor to repress the adoring wonder and delight with which it connects the works which are seen and made, with a divine artificer.—Such books as Paley's *Natural Theology*, and the *Bridgewater Treatises*, may be read with instruction and advantage by all; but it is never to be forgotten, that it is by *revealed* and not by natural religion that the sinner is to be saved. It is Christianity, and not deism, that will take us to heaven. The whole material universe with all its wonders, cannot tell us for certain whether the soul of man is immortal, or

whether sin can be pardoned. It is the book of scripture, not the book of nature, that must be studied, to gain an answer to the question "*What must I do to be saved ?*" Hence it is clear, that it is not mere science, however profound ; no, nor is it even the professedly profound admiration of the Creator to which, in some cases, it leads, that will save the soul ; but those sentiments of repentance, faith, humility, holiness, and dependence, which are to be obtained from the word of God. Many a man who has been willing to act as High Priest in the Temple of Natural Religion, and to conduct its ceremonies, has refused in the pride of his intellect to bow before the *Christian* altar, and to approach by faith the blood sprinkled *throne of grace*. Let no one mistake then, the raptures with which he gazes upon the beautiful scenes of nature ; the sublime elevation of soul with which he surveys the spangled heavens by night, or the blue sky, the vast ocean, and the varied prospect by day, for genuine devotion. *It is all mere poetry, but not*

piety, if penitence and faith in Christ, and love to a holy God be absent. It is God in Christ, God reconciling the world to himself, God the just and the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus, and not merely God the Creator, that is the object of homage to a true Christian. The religion that will save us, is the religion of the cross; the religion of a broken heart, and contrite spirit; the religion that is daily fed by the sincere milk of the word; that is sustained by prayer and meditation; that sinks in the dust and ashes, and rises to set its affections on things that are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God: and such was the religion of CLEMENTINE CUVIER.

But look now at the EFFECTS and CONSEQUENCES of religion as they appeared in CLEMENTINE. Trace them in her *usefulness*. See her like her divine Saviour, ever going about to do good, greeted wherever she went by the smiles of gratitude with which her compassion lighted up the countenance of sadness, and the tears of joy which her bene-

ficence drew from the eye that was darkened with despair. Where in all the theatres, the ball rooms, or *soirées* of Paris, could there have been found among the daughters of fashion one to whom the wretched owed so much as to her? A love of pleasure withers the affections of the heart from the needy, as the east wind does the leaves of the flower; it is religion that like a summer's sun causes them to expand and shed their reviving fragrance. To do good is God-like, both in communicating blessedness, and experiencing it too; and there is no good so wide in its comprehension of benefits, nor so lasting in its duration, as that which we do for the spiritual interests of our fellow-creatures. Humanity smoothes the passage of man to the sepulchre, but the religious benevolence which aims to convert a sinner from the error of his ways, and save a soul from death, seeks to confer the boon of a glorious resurrection to eternal life. Think not that I am advising you to withhold your efforts from attempting to relieve the temporal necessities of your

fellow-creatures. The Saviour of the world, while achieving the sublimer object of saving the soul, thought it not beneath his mercy, or unworthy of his dignity, to bestow ease and comfort upon the body. He fed the hungry, healed the sick, gave sight to the blind ; in short, he had an ear to listen to every tale of woe, and a hand to dispense every kind of benefit. Imitate his example. Where is woman seen to best advantage, invested with her greatest charms, and shining in her purest radiance ? Not in the gay circles of fashion, dazzling by the elegance of her dress, the beauty of her person, and the vivacity of her conversation ; the object of envy to one sex, and of flattery and admiration to the other. O no ! but in the chamber of sickness, a ministering angel to the sufferer, stripping poverty of its terrors and assuaging the violence of pain, by efforts of kindness which none can perform as she can : in the hovel of want, carrying a supply, or that which shall procure it, for the poor destitute creature who is

“ Faint and despairing of to-morrow’s bread ;”

in the alms-house, binding up the heart of her that had seen better days, and whose spirits, broken at the recollection, revive for one short hour under the sunshine of her affability and kindness.—These are the brightest scenes of female honour and happiness too. On these visits of mercy she is watched, not only with the smiles of approving angels, but also of an approving God ; while the testimony of a good conscience confirms the deeds of her beneficence.

But there is, I repeat, a holier kind of mercy, a more comprehensive and enduring kind of charity still, which she can perform : I mean mercy to the soul, which is the soul of mercy. The soul, the soul ! What a word is that ! the immaterial substance, the rational mind, the immortal principle ! “ What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul ; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul ? ” Matthew xvi. 26. This is the language of him that best knows the value of the world, for he made it ; and of the soul for he redeemed it ;

and who could not therefore appreciate the soul at too high, or the world at too low a price. The salvation of immortal souls is the chief object of the infinite benevolence of God, the centre of his schemes, and the consummation of his works ; it is that for which the Son of God became incarnate, and died upon the cross ; for which the Holy Spirit is poured out from on high ; for which the Bible was penned by inspiration, and the whole apparatus of religious ordinances was constructed ; which moves the admiration of heaven, and excites the envy and rage of hell. In this great work *you* are invited to co-operate, and thus is the opportunity given to you to enter into fellowship with the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ. Yes, there is something which *you* may do, without starting from your sphere, or violating the delicacy of female modesty, or usurping the functions of official service. Like the lovely and benevolent CLEMENTINE, you may superintend or aid the education of the young and untaught poor ; you can carry the religious Tract to the

abode of female ignorance; you can read the Scriptures to the poor and aged of your sex; or you can visit them in their sickness, and speak words of instruction and consolation in their ear; and you can also aid the operations of Bible and Missionary Associations in company with, and under the direction of matronly friends. In all these ways you may do good, and thus, in the only true sense of the words, may labour for immortality. You may do something in diffusing that holy light, which in this extraordinary age is spreading like the dawn of a spiritual day over the face of a benighted world. The voice has gone forth from the throne of the Redeemer, "Behold I create all things new." And you, each of you, that shall read this book, are invited to assist in the great and glorious renovation.

You should observe the moral signs of the times, and notice the features of the age in which it is your destiny to live.—They are of deep interest, and of a deeper importance. The wintry age of the world is going by, and

the principle of spiritual fertility is beginning to shew itself in the sprouting verdure, and swelling buds of spring, that are to be seen on every hand. You ought to notice this, and to feel that you should do something in preparing for the beauties of summer, and the harvests of autumn. Human life has now acquired additional value as it respects society and posterity, and selfish indolence a deeper criminality. A spirit of holy enterprise is the spirit of the age. Every thing is replete with energy : nothing is dull or stagnant. The heavens seem full of voices, and the earth of motion. Nor are the agents and emissaries of evil torpid and quiescent. All the hosts of darkness are marshalling to meet all the forces of heaven, in the valley of decision. At home and abroad the principles of truth are coming into closer conflict with those of error. It is a contest about the world's salvation ; and we know the result. The hand of prophecy has drawn aside the veil that hangs over the future, and discloses to us all the nations of the earth, reposing in peace and

happiness under the sceptre of Christ. Set your hand to the work.—Every thing invites to action, and appeals to your ambition. Many voices from many quarters say to you “*Do something ; do it, do it.*” Disregard the sneers of the scoffer, and the suggestions of the timid. Happily you are not in want of means, instruments, and companions. Benevolent exertion has become fashionable, and though it should not be taken up for the sake of fashion, yet this is an additional incentive and encouragement. Many of your own age and sex, and rank, are at work in doing good, and inviting you to become their co-workers. Accept their invitation. It is no less your felicity than your duty. He that lives only for his own gratification, has the pleasure derived from only one person's enjoyment ; but he that lives for the welfare of others, multiplies his bliss by the number of the objects of his mercy ; he expands the sphere of his enjoyment till it fills that of his benevolence ; and where he cannot be gratified by considering what he has done, he is pleased to

think of what he attempted to do; and even finds consolation in his wishes, when they, as is often the case, outstrip his attempts.

We cannot tell all the reasons why an infinitely holy, wise, and good God, has permitted evil to exist; but one of them doubtless is, that we should be put upon our probation in contending against it in faith, hope, and charity, and thus both prove and strengthen our own piety, by engaging in the contest; and one great part of the mission of every man on earth, is to contend with evil in some of its forms. Young people should know this as they enter upon existence, and never forget it as they journey onward through a region, crowded as this is with ignorance, crime, and wretchedness. It is a noble ambition, and is demanded of us all, both by heaven and the supplications of a groaning earth, to leave the world holier and happier than we found it.

Compare, in moments of sober thought, the pleasures of worldly amusements with those of benevolence, and say which are to be preferred. I will allow that the votary of

fashionable enjoyments has her agreeable anticipations and reflections; and I can fancy her sometimes looking back upon a round of occupations, with some such thoughts as the following:—"On such a night I was at the rout; how brilliant was the party, how tasteful and varied the entertainments, how agreeable the evening. Little, if at all, inferior to this, was the concert, that followed a few nights afterwards: what exquisite music, and how enchanting the singing. And then, the crown of all, the assembly; what elegant company, and what spirited dancing! My ambition was gratified to the uttermost, I never enjoyed myself more. All this, I hope, will soon be repeated, and then I shall scarcely envy any one."

Listen now to the reflections of benevolence. "O God, I thank thee for putting it into my heart to do good to my fellow-creatures, and for bestowing upon me, by thy grace, the bliss of making others happy. I have beheld the dark scenes of human woe lightened up with joy at my approach, and

the children of sorrow smiling through their tears in my presence. 'When the ear heard me, it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.' I have been made the instrument of guiding ignorant children to the fountains of knowledge; of introducing the Bible to families, where not even a stray beam of divine truth had ever before entered; of directing to the house of God, those feet that had wandered perpetually in the sabbath-breaker's path. I have seen the tears of penitence flow down the cheek of the once hardened transgressor; I have been the delighted, grateful witness of the beauty of holiness adorning the character which was once deformed by the enormities of vice, and have seen a hope full of immortality sparkle in the eye that was beginning to close in death. O who that had ever seen the joy, and received the thanks of a sinner, converted by her efforts from the error of his ways; the acknowledgments of a soul saved

from death, would doubt the infinite superiority of the pleasures of benevolence over those of fashionable amusements? I bless Thee, O God, that thou hast caused me to exchange the one for the other."

Nor is this all. The fruits of holy zeal and of religious compassion will be gathered in another world. In communicating the knowledge and principles of divine truth, we are sowing seed of which the harvest will be reaped *in* eternity, and *through* it. What we do for the mere temporal comfort of mankind is mortal, but what we do for their spiritual welfare is immortal. If we become the instruments of saving but one soul from death, we start an immortal mind, a glorified spirit, in a career where we shall see it going on from strength to strength, adding knowledge to knowledge, holiness to holiness, happiness to happiness, making approaches to goodness and bliss, which are all but infinite, for ever adorning the heavens with new beauties, and brightening with the splendour of moral glory through all the ages of eternity. Then God shall behold

this his new creature for ever beautifying in his eyes, for ever drawing near to himself, yet still distant from his own infinite and absolute perfection. There is something so transcendent and ineffable in this, as to satisfy, and nothing less will satisfy, the lofty ambition of religious benevolence. Such is the prize held out to all, who having sought salvation for themselves, are anxious to do something for the salvation of others. It will be found true by all who make the experiment, that great efforts of benevolence, carried on under pure motives of sincere piety, are the best definition of a happy life.

It may be next mentioned as one of the great excellences of religion, and one of the proofs of its incalculable value, *that it is the only acquirement that can be considered an education for heaven.* Destined, as you are, reader, to fill a station and act a part on earth your friends do wisely in securing for you all the advantages of the best education they can obtain. Your knowledge cannot be too various or too great, provided the *useful* is blended

with the ornamental: nor is it much to your credit if you are not ever seeking to build upon the foundation that was laid at school. Cultivate a love of knowledge, a taste for reading, a spirit of acquisition; for you may hereafter turn to good account all you accumulate. Remember, however, that could you acquire all useful and all ornamental knowledge; could you add literature to science, and polish all with the most perfect finish of elegant manners,—this, in the absence of true religion, would leave you as uneducated and unfit for heaven, as the savage of the woods. For what is heaven, and in what does its happiness consist? It is not a state of *sensual* existence, for the body of the resurrection is a *spiritual* one; the gratifications of appetite, the pleasures of our animal nature, have no place there. The objects which now gratify the taste of the lovers of pleasure, have no existence in heaven. Nor is it a *mere social state* of being, where friends and lovers, parents and children, meet to part no more, and blend in all the delights of renewed

intercourse. Nor is it *a mere intellectual state*, where science will be attained in its highest perfection, and natural religion be carried to its loftiest height. It is true we *shall* know all things, and the laws of the universe, the whole range of nature among the rest: but this is not the view the Scriptures give us of heaven, and we know nothing of heaven but what the Scriptures *do* teach us. Heaven is a state of HOLY existence, combined with that which is intellectual, and all its happiness is holy too. It is the dwelling-place of a holy God, the holy Saviour, holy angels, and holy men. It is the very element of holiness: *the native place and final home of religion*. The happiness of heaven must be like itself, a holy happiness, a religious felicity. It will arise from being in the presence of God, and beholding his glory; from being like him, loving, serving, resembling, enjoying him, and the consciousness of being beloved by him. Hence, said CHRIST, "Father, I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that

they may behold my glory." John xvii. 24. The apostle PAUL, in prospect of dissolution said, "I desire to depart, and to be with CHRIST." Phil. i. 23. He also represented it to others as the very essence of heavenly bliss; "So shall we be ever with the Lord." 1 Thess. iv. 18. The description of the apostle JOHN is also to the same effect. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He (CHRIST) shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." 1 John iii. 2.

It is evident, then, that if this be the nature of heaven, there must be a *meetness* for it, a preparation, an education; and that the education must be appropriate. If heaven be a religious state, then religion can be the only education. What conceivable relation have any of the branches of a literary, scientific, or elegant course of study, to a *holy* state of existence? Is a person fitted to enjoy the presence of God, or to love and serve him; prepared to join in the admiration of our Redeemer, and meetened to blend in the holy

intercourse of saints and angels, by a knowledge of the languages, or an acquaintance with natural history, or skill in the elegant arts, or the highest polish and grace of manners? These acquirements are a suitable education for earth, but what possible connexion can they have with the enjoyment of spirits in glory? To love God in perfection is the consummation of heavenly bliss, and therefore the love of God on earth is the only preparation for such a state. God in himself, viewed apart from his works, is the first truth and chief good, and it will be the occupation and felicity of the blessed through eternity to know, love, and enjoy him as such.

Thus was CLEMENTINE educated under the effectual teaching of the Holy Spirit, for the enjoyment of the Divine presence. Her attainments in profound science, and in all feminine and elegant accomplishments, were far beyond those of most of her sex. Under such a father as hers it may well be supposed how carefully her mind was cultivated, and with what success. Had this, however, been

all, what would it have availed her? She lived not to diffuse the knowledge she had acquired. The care of her parents, the skill of her teachers, and her own assiduity to prepare her for her station, were all bestowed on the culture of a flower, that was only for a very short time to display its beauty, and shed its fragrance upon earth, and then wither and die; they trained a pupil that was not long to employ the knowledge accumulated in her highly gifted mind. But all this while she was growing in grace and knowledge in the school of Christ; training under an infallible teacher, to bear a part in the occupations and felicities of the skies. "What sweetness is there," she said, "in the thought of that eternal life,—of that state of rest and love. There we shall comprehend those delightful words of our Saviour, 'I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, you may be also.'"

My youthful reader, let me implore you to keep this sentiment in view, *that whatever and whosoever may educate you for earth, you must have the teaching of the Holy*

Spirit, and be made a partaker of true religion, if you would be educated for heaven.

In the absence of this, all your other acquirements, however varied or perfect, will be but as the garland, beautiful and fragrant as it may be, that adorns the victim led forth to the sacrifice.

The momentous importance and transcendent excellence of religion, are no less clearly proved by the indubitable fact, that IT IS THE GREAT END OF LIFE:—if not CLEMENTINE CUVIER lived in vain. She saw every thing that was desirable in the world before her, but was permitted to touch nothing. The lovely vision of a happy life on earth illumined her path, but vanished as she gazed upon it; and but for her religion, it may be truly said, she was born only to disappoint, and be disappointed. How often do we see, as in this case, a young person, who when her education is completed, and she is prepared to bless and to be blessed; when she is just fitted to become the grace and ornament of her circle, is cut down like a flower in spring, on

which the gardener had bestowed his greatest care, and which is taken from him just as its full blown beauty is about to reward his labour, and become the pride of his green house. Many a youth, on whose education no pains nor expense had been spared, and whose diligence has well rewarded the anxiety of his friends, is removed by death, just at the very time when he is entering on public life, amidst the high raised expectations which his talents have awakened. If there be no future state, how just would be the exclamation of the Psalmist over such withered blossoms as these, "Wherefore hast thou made all men in vain?" If, however, there be, and we *know* there is, a future state, to which this is only preliminary and preparatory, none have lived in vain, if they have lived long enough to be made partakers of true religion. There is an eternity of happiness ever awaiting the Christian beyond the grave; and faith, love, and holiness are the preparatives for it; and she who has attained these, has answered the end of her existence, and lived for noble pur-

pose, let her die at what age, or go away from what scenes or what prospects she may. She may die too soon for others, but not for herself. She has lived long enough to ensure glory, honour, immortality, and eternal life ; and all that she has lost, or can lose, by going away early to heaven, is but what the child who has finished her education loses, by being removed earlier than usual from her school pleasures, to the richer enjoyments of her father's house. Religion secures to us *the* great end of life, and makes it worth while either to live to extreme old age, amidst the greatest poverty and destitution, or to die amidst the vigour of youth, and the most brilliant illusions of hope. Weep not, then, for CLEMENTINE, when you think of her early removal from such flattering prospects, for though she went from much on earth, she went to infinitely more in heaven. Even to *her*, death was gain ; she had secured the crown of glory that fadeth not away, to which the bridal chaplet would have added but little, and yielded only a few years of mortal joys.

and those would have been taken from the sublime and purer joys of immortality.

Reader, have you ever asked yourself the question, *what is the end of my existence?* *For what purpose did the Creator send me into the world?* If you have not, it is high time you should. You may be young, and on that account it is the more proper, in some respects, that you should urge these interrogations upon yourself. When life is beginning, it becomes you, as you are setting out upon its journey, to enquire for what purpose it is to be undertaken, and whither it will lead. It **MUST** come to an end soon, and **MAY** come to an end suddenly. Conceive of the catastrophe of having misunderstood the end of existence! What a mistake! A mistake never to be rectified, since we *can* live but once. Do then enquire what, amidst many inferior ends, is *the one great* object, which having gained, we have secured the main purpose of our creation, miss what else, lose what else, or die when we may; and which having neglected, we have lived in vain, even though

we have accumulated all things besides. It cannot be wealth, rank, fame, knowledge, pleasure, for they are so uncertain as to our obtaining or holding them, and so unsatisfying in their nature; we may be so very soon and so suddenly taken from them by death; and they have so little connexion with, and such an unfriendly influence upon our eternal happiness, that it would be an offence against the wisdom and benevolence of God, to suppose that he intended these should be the main object of human life. No. He has himself told us his design in creating us and sending us into the world, in the following passages of his word. "Get wisdom, (religion,) get understanding; forget it not. Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting, get understanding." Prov. iv. 6, 7. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added to you."—Matthew vi. 33. "One thing is needful, and MARY hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." Luke x. 42. These passages

decide the question, and point out true piety as the end of the Creator in placing us on earth. We are here on a probation for eternity, on trial for heaven : so that we are not only fearfully and wonderfully made, but far more fearfully and wonderfully placed : and it is melancholy to see the multitude, notwithstanding these explicit declarations of God, who must know his own design in creating us, forgetting, neglecting, and opposing his merciful intentions, and living only for the present world. How inexpressibly painful is it to see them wearing out life, coming to its close, and quitting it for ever, in total oblivion of the great purpose for which it was granted.

So certainly is religion the great end of life, that it may be truly affirmed of all who die without it, that however long they have lived, or whatever, in other respects, they have attended to, they have lived in vain. However they may have spent their time, it is, as to its higher purpose, all lost. Whatever they have been engaged in, they have done nothing ; but have been ingeniously trifling, laboriously

idle, and industriously negligent. They may have gained much ; much knowledge, wealth, reputation, comfort, pleasure ; but they have been losing all the while, infinitely more than they have gained, for they have lost their soul. They have been busily employed in building up their earthly fortunes, but they have been no less busy in pulling down their immortal interests. They may have gained a name and a place in the temple of fame, but they have lost infinitely more reputation with God, than they have gained with men. They may have lived for the temporal good of all nations and all posterity, but they have neglected to live for their own eternal good ; and therefore, in every view of the case, they have lived below, infinitely below the ends of the Creator in their existence ; and if they had right views of their mistake at the last, they would go down to the grave, though laden with years, and riches, and honors, uttering the melancholy confession, "*Life with me has been a lost adventure.*"

With all the earnestness then, of which I

am capable, let me implore you to enquire if you have taken a right view of this momentous subject, and to examine whether you have made any thing else than religion the great object of your pursuit. If so, it is not happily yet too late to correct the error. You have now learnt, if not before, the sublime and merciful purpose of God in sending you upon earth,—even the salvation of your immortal soul. Be thankful for the information. Rise and contemplate the prospects before you, and the work assigned to you. Look before you. Consider your destiny. Be this your purpose, to *seek FIRST the kingdom of God and his righteousness*; and be this* your prayer, “Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes: make me to go in the path of thy commandments; and turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity.”*

I now exhibit religion to you in another view of its excellence, as *yielding to its*

* See the sentiment of this part of the subject beautifully illustrated in the Appendix.

possessor the most substantial happiness!
Yes, happiness; and it is a delusion of the Father of lies, to represent it otherwise.

It is a very common, but certainly a very great error, to consider religion somewhat in the light of a necessary evil; a something to be endured, but not to be enjoyed; which is to be regarded with dread, rather than contemplated with desire; a scheme of penance, but not an act of choice, intended to conciliate an angry Deity, rather than to please a God of love; in short, a gloomy obstruction to the joys of our social existence, which is to be avoided as long as possible, and then only resorted to when those joys can be no longer experienced; and resorted to even then, merely as a propitiation for the sins of one, and a means of delivering us from the torments of another. Mistaken and shocking idea! How contrary, not only to the word of God, which declares it, but also to the experience of those who have proved it, to be a peace that passeth understanding, a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

You have thought, because you have been told, that on the contrary, it is a state of gloom and melancholy. But who told you so? Who and what are the persons that have brought this ill report upon it, and have dared to contradict the testimony of God, whose holy word has pronounced it to be a way of pleasantness, and a path of peace? Are they the persons who have tried it, and who therefore speak from experience? No; but they are individuals, who never having given themselves up to its influence, are no better judges of its excellence, than he who has no palate is of the sweetness of honey. You should hearken to the testimony of those who are pious, myriads of whom, from palaces and mansions, as well as from cottages; amidst wealth, rank, and splendour, as well as poverty; in the bright day of prosperity, as well as the dark night of adversity; surrounded by the gay scenes of a garden of Eden, as well as the dreary vacancy of the wilderness, have declared that till they yielded their hearts to the influence of religion they knew not what

happiness was. Thousands of youth, with all the sources of worldly amusement at command, and all the springs of fashionable gaiety flowing around them, have turned away disappointed and disgusted, to seek their bliss, and have *found* it too, in the service of God. But I refer you again to the testimony of this beautiful young woman: "I experience a pleasure," she said in a letter to a friend, "in reading my Bible, which I have never felt before; it attracts and fixes me to an inconceivable degree, and I seek sincerely there, and only there, **THE TRUTH.** *When I compare the calm and the peace which the smallest and most imperceptible grain of faith gives to the soul, with all that the world alone can give of joy or happiness, I feel that the least in the kingdom of heaven is a hundred times more blessed than the greatest and most elevated of the men of the world.*" Striking testimony, and the more striking on account of the source from whence it comes. This is not a voice from a convent, or an alms house; this is not

the language of one whom the world had disappointed and disgusted, and who in a spirit of misanthropy turned to religion as a substitute for its former pleasures ; it is not the experience of a bed-ridden cripple, making a virtue of necessity, and seeking consolation from religion, because every other source of happiness is cut off. No. It is the experience of a young lady, residing at the very centre of all that could dazzle the mind and fascinate the imagination, in the gayest and most brilliant city in Europe ; whom the world in its most alluring forms was perpetually assailing and seeking to captivate.

And why should this surprise you ? Why feel astonished that religion should yield such pure and satisfying bliss ? Think of its *component parts* ; its elements are Faith, Hope, Love : think of its *privileges*, the pardon of sin, the justification of our person before God, adoption into his family, the witness of his Spirit that we are his children, the image of his glory upon the soul, the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart, the consci-

ousness of his favour, daily communion with him, his abounding consolation in trouble, hope in death, the prospect of eternal life : think of its *duties*, the perusal of the scriptures, the stillness of meditation, the soarings of devotion, the fervour of prayer, the rapture of praise. Is it any wonder that *this* should give happiness ? What *was* paradise ? The perfection of religion. What *will* be heaven ? The eternal enjoyment of a perfect religion. What is it that in thousands of instances, has made Christians happy in the hovel of poverty, in the languor of disease, in the hour of misfortune, in the agonies of dissolution ? Religion. What ~~is~~ it that has irradiated with brightness and glory, the Christian prisoner's cell, lightened the captive's fetters, and made the martyr sing at the stake ? Religion. () what a power to bless must it contain, when it can conquer all these opposing circumstances, and distil joy and peace into minds, which must be seemingly so full of wormwood as to leave no room for any thing but woe, and to which any thing else would appear to be out of season and out of place.

If you want pleasure, then, here you may find it; and to exhort you to attend to religion is but another form of entreating you to be happy. "Here, in piety, is a pleasure, high, rational, angelical; embased with no attendant sting, no consequent loathing, no remorse, or bitter farewells. A pleasure made for the soul, and the soul for it, suited to its spirituality, and equal to its capacity. It is the foretaste of heaven and the earnest of eternity. In a word it is such an one as being begun in grace, passes into glory, blessedness, and immortality, and those pleasures that neither eye hath seen nor ear heard, nor ever entered into the heart of man to conceive of."

I have alluded in the foregoing description of the happiness of religion, to its power to support the mind in prospect of death; but this is too important a view of it, and too affectingly illustrated by the dying experience of CLEMENTINE, to be so summarily dismissed; and I must therefore refer to it at greater length. It is an awful thing to die. Death is that monster, from the sight, and

especially the touch of which, the whole animal creation, and man above all, turns with instinctive dread and horror. What is it that can not only enable us to overcome this revulsion and recoil, but also go forward to meet the last enemy in peace and hope? Religion, and nothing else; and it is the glory of Christianity that it erects its brightest trophies on the tomb, and illumines the dark valley of the shadow of death with the brightness of a hope full of immortality. Look into the dying chamber of CLEMENTINE CUVIER; see that lovely young creature, when every thing tended to make death terrible, and life desirable; when the fame of her distinguished father, the affection of her mother, and above all the plighted love of him who was still dearer to her heart than either father or mother, all invited her back to the world: see her with such friends around her dying couch, and such scenes before her imagination; bowing in deep and peaceful submission to the will of God, even when he called her to put on the shroud instead of the

bridal attire, and to descend into the grave, instead of occupying the house furnished for her reception. Again, look at that touching scene which is thus described. "She manifested for her father and her sister the most tender affection; and on one occasion, when after a violent attack she had expressed a desire to depart, the tears of her sister and her parents so overcame her, that she reproved herself for such a wish, and exclaimed, 'O how selfish I am! I will take any medicine, and try every remedy, because I wish to recover *for your sakes.*' She gave to her intended husband a copy of the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ,' in which her trembling hand had marked some passages, and written some lines of Christian affection; and having requested him to place his head before her, she laid on it her hand, and said, 'Lord, bless us both! Lord, restore me, that I may love *thee* more; but if thou hast otherwise decided, thy will be done.' " O Christianity, these are thy triumphs! For such a person to die in such a manner! What a mixture of gloom and

glory is here ! Reader, could you in similar circumstances die thus ? Have you the piety that could enable you to turn with calmness and hope from such visions of earthly bliss as presented themselves to her eye, and see in lieu thereof the —grave ? Have you thus learnt to die ? Shall not *this* scene teach you the reality, the power, the transcendent excellence of religion ? Take a last look on that seraphic young Christian, see her with

A mortal paleness on her cheek,
But glory in her soul ;

and then present for yourself this prayer,
“ Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like hers.”

I cannot however allow you to pass from the contemplation of this dying *Christian*, without asking you to compare her end with the closing scene of the dying *Philosopher*. What Baron Cuvier's precise sentiments were on the subject of *revealed* religion, does not appear from any thing I have read. Whether he contented himself with those ministrations

which he performed with such ability at the altar of natural religion, and thus added one more to the highly gifted minds, who are content with worshipping God the Creator, without doing homage to God the Saviour, and the Sanctifier ; or whether he paid a sincere homage to the Redeemer of the world, I pretend not to determine. Certain, however, it is, that in his last moments, so far as the account of his friend extends, there were no expressions of a faith, first looking for comfort and peace to the cross of Christ, then penetrating the vail, and ranging through the regions of immortality ; no lively hopes of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away ; no desire to depart and be with Christ ; no felt attractions of the presence of God in heaven. His admiring Eulogist tells us of his longings after immortality, but PASQUIER evidently meant the immortality which is bounded by earth and time, not that which is enjoyed beyond the grave, in heaven. I do not pretend to say or insinuate, there were none of these views and feelings ; his

admirers may have suppressed them, as if the rays of the excellent glory falling upon the dying philosopher would bedim the lustre of his countenance, and render him less worthy of admiration, when beheld catching the first beams of heavenly light, into the full blaze of which he was about to ascend. All I say is, that we have no account of his dying testimony to the truth and excellence, the power and hopes of the gospel of Jesus Christ. But O how different was the case of his sainted, seraphed daughter! *She* also yearned for glory, but it was for the glory to be revealed in heaven; for honour, but it was for that honour which cometh from above; for immortality, but it was for that brought to light by the gospel. • A few hours before her death, she said to a beloved friend, "*You know we are sisters for eternity—THERE is life; it is only THERE that there is life.*" She *knew* that if the earthly house of her tabernacle was dissolved, she had a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; and that mortality

would be swallowed up of life. Contrast the silence and reserve of philosophy, with the full and joyful testimony of faith; the cold negation of the former with the ardent aspirations of the latter; the half averted, anxious, or desponding eye, with which the one looks upon the tomb and explores the world beyond, with the steady, assured, and expecting gaze, with which the other looks upon the fields of light and glory,—the promised land, that lies beyond the swelling flood.

THIRDLY,—I now present to you another lesson to be learnt from this event; it is one the truth of which young people are slow to admit, although it is often repeated by the voice of Providence, and confirmed by the universal history of man,—I mean *the mortality of youth, and the necessity of immediate and habitual preparation for death.*

CLEMENTINE was removed at the age of twenty-two. “Man cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down;” and in innumerable instances, the bud is not permitted to expand into a flower. Death observes no order, but

often strikes down the healthy and leaves the sickly; takes the young and leaves the old. Myriads of both sexes are annually carried off to an early grave by that bane of English youth, consumption, which like a glutton devours multitudes, and like an epicure daintily feeds on some of the rarest and the best. Incipient mortal disease is in many persons before it is suspected either by themselves or their friends. While the rose blooms on the cheek, there is a worm beginning to feed upon its root. This may be the case of some whose eye shall read these pages. No matter the seeming robustness of your health, the buoyancy of your spirits, the elasticity of your step, and the full tide of energy that is still flowing into your frame; your days are numbered, and may not reach far beyond, perhaps not so far, as those of CLEMENTINE CUVIER. You may be travelling, not to the altar, but to the tomb: and your eye may have seen the spot, your foot have trodden upon it, where you shall shortly lie. Is it wisdom to forget this? Is it your

interest, to say nothing of your duty, to fancy yourself secure from death, till you are worn out by old age? What, when youth is mortal as four-score? Will you die the sooner by considering your latter end, or live the longer by forgetting it? That very unwillingness to reflect upon your mortality, shows that you have much *need* to reflect upon it, for it proves that you are *unfitted* for death. Do consider what it is to die: it is not only to bid adieu to our friends, to give up our possessions, to surrender our hopes, to turn from our prospects; it is not only to exchange all this for the silence, darkness, and corruption of the tomb—the tomb is the least solemn part of death; the more awful is that beyond the grave. • What scenes burst upon the mind that next moment after death—all the secrets of eternity—all the realities of the unseen world—all that the bible tell us of—and more than the bible *could* tell of God, Judgment, Heaven, Hell, Eternity. Reader, all this is before *you*, perhaps *near* to you; and from which at any time you are separated only by

the thin partition of flesh and blood, that mere veil which death in any hour of futurity may rend asunder; and by rending, may disclose to you the peopled regions of eternal doom. Be this, then, your prayer, your sincere, fervent, and daily prayer.—“*So teach me to number my days as to apply my heart unto wisdom.*”

Death is an event for which, come when it may, whether in youth, in old age, or in the middle of life, there should be *a suitable preparation*. “Be ye ready,” is the benevolent warning of Him, who in all he said, as well as in all he did, was intent upon the salvation of souls. We ought to prepare for every event which *must* happen to us, however insignificant, and in matters of importance for every one that *may* happen. Death is the most momentous, and at the same time the most certain change that can come upon us, for it sets the seal of an eternal destiny upon us. As the tree falls so it lies, and as it leans so it falls. “*Prepare to meet your God,*” is a sound which should never be out of your

cars, till you can say with the Apostle, "I am ready to depart." What tremendous import is there in the word PREPARATION, as applied to a dying hour. But what is preparation? Not a few hasty prayers said by us, or by a clergyman for us, in our departing moments; not taking the sacrament; not saying we are sorry for our sins, and that we die in charity with all men. Many do all this, who are awfully unprepared for death, and sink to the bottomless pit when they expect to soar away to the regions of eternal glory. True religion, the religion of the heart, a religion of penitence, faith, holiness, prayer; a religion that is a living, abiding, influential principle, rooted in the soul, forming the whole character, producing a holy taste, and dictating holy pursuits; such a religion as is described in the foregoing pages, and exemplified in the life and death of CLEMENTINE, this, this is preparation for our latter end. Nothing less than that which makes us meet for glory can with propriety be called a being ready for death; we are not, cannot be prepared to go

away from earth, till we are prepared to go into heaven. “Verily, verily,” said Christ, “*except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven.*” Our title to heaven is acquired for us by the righteousness of Christ imputed to us in our justification ; our meetness, by the work of the Holy Spirit in our regeneration and sanctification ; and no one is prepared to go into the presence of God till he is thus justified, renewed, and purified.

A mere death-bed religion is often a delusive thing. True repentance is never too late, but late repentance is rarely true. Neither pungent remorse, nor deep humiliation, nor ecstatic joy, experienced in the prospect of dissolution, if expressed then for the first time, are to be much relied upon : myriads have felt all this, who upon their recovering, became as bad as before, and even worse. Religion is knowledge, deliberate purpose, the choice of a supreme good, the election of the heart between contending competitors for its affections ; it is faith, hope, love :—say then

if this great, this entire moral revolution and renovation can be expected to take place amidst the decays, the struggles, the groans of expiring nature? Can it be looked for that the great work will be done amidst restless days and sleepless nights, the languors of disease, the agony of pain, and the incoherence of delirium? *Now* is the accepted time, *now* is the day of salvation. Every thing but the spirit of procrastination in man says—NOW: the word of God repeatedly and emphatically says—NOW; the dispensations of Providence say—NOW; the uncertainty of life as illustrated in the deaths of the young and healthy, says—NOW; the voice of reason and conscience says—NOW; the affectionate advice of parents, friends, and ministers says—NOW; the infinite value of the soul says—NOW; the transcendent worth of salvation says—NOW; the present happiness of religion says—NOW; the vanity of the world says—NOW; the discomfort, and in many cases the misery of a life of sin, says—NOW; in short every thing but Satan, the adversary and destroyer of

souls, says—NOW. God says, “*To day* if ye will hear my voice, harden not your hearts;” and “remember now your Creator in the days of your youth,”—and it is only the suggestion of the Wicked One to put it off to a more convenient season.

The noted CÆSAR BORGIA said in his last moments, “I had provided in the course of my life for every thing except death; and now, alas! I am to die, though entirely unprepared.”

Begin at once and without delay to attend to the just and paramount claims of religion. Make it your next, as well as your great business. Time is short—life is uncertain—death is at hand—judgment is approaching—and eternity is to follow. If you are impressed by reading this memoir and the subjoined reflections; if a serious thoughtfulness comes over you, and you feel inclined to give to religion the attention it deserves and demands, cherish such emotions; they form a crisis in your moral history; they are the disturbance of a dangerous slumber, and will

issue either in your awakening to the pursuit of salvation, or in your settling down again to a deeper sleep of death. It is a dangerous thing to neglect such admonitions, and to extinguish convictions. Take the following fact in illustration of this sentiment.—“I once,” said a pious minister of America, “knew a youth of sixteen, the son and hope of pious parents, and the favourite of a large circle of associates. He was my friend. We went together to the school-room, to the playground, to our chamber. I have seen him, while listening to the pleadings of parental faithfulness, urging him to immediate repentance, and warning him by a brother’s recent grave, of the danger of delay. He listened in silence and respectful attention, but the alluring pleasures of youth dazzled him, and he resolved to leave religion for a future day.

“One evening he met a circle of youthful acquaintance. It was a gay circle, and a thoughtless one. In the midst of their mirth, his eye fell on a hymn book. He opened it, and read,

‘And must this body die,
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould’ring in the clay?’

He laid down the book and forgot its warning voice.

“Late that evening he came to my chamber, breathing short, like one who had been walking fast, and lay down by my side. After some time he turned to me and said, ‘Will you get up and give me a glass of water?’ I feel unwell.’ I arose and called the family. He was manifestly ill, but not apparently in immediate danger. The next morning he was worse. A physician was called, but did not understand his case. Search was at length made, and it was found, that by mistake, he had taken a dose of deadly poison. The hand of death was then upon him. For three hours his body was writhing in agony, but that was forgotten in the more excruciating agonies of the soul. I heard his minister tell him of a merciful Saviour. I heard his father, kneeling by his bed-side, pour out to God the most agonising prayer for him that lan-

guage could express. I heard his mother exclaim, 'O! my son! my son!' till she swooned, and sunk upon the floor. I heard him as he tossed from side to side, cry out, 'O Lord, have mercy on my soul! O my God, have mercy on me—mercy! mercy!' and then reaching out his hands towards his father, he exclaimed, '*I am lost! I am lost! am I not father?*'

"His breath grew shorter, and his voice fainter, until raising his hands as if he would cry 'mercy' once more, he expired. Fifteen years have rolled away since I heard those cries of dying agony, but they ring in my ears now, as if it were but an hour. "That look of fierce despair is now in my eye, and my ear echoes with the heart-rending cry, '*I am lost! I am lost! am I not father?*' How can I forget them? They came from the death-bed of my friend, and that friend my own beloved brother.

"Reader, by my brother's dying groans, by the tears which fall on this paper while I think of him, and by the tears and groans of Calvary,

I beseech you, remember and lay to heart the truths you are here taught."

Contrast this fearful death-bed scene with the holy and peaceful close of that lovely young woman, whose memoir forms the subject of this volume. There was no heart-rending cry, "*I am lost, I am lost,*" there: no tones of a desponding voice, no look of an agonised mind, no horrors of a guilty conscience there. No, all was peace, and joy, and hope—the very verge of heaven; from whence, without murmur or regret, she saw the visions of earthly bliss melt away, like the beauteous tints of the dawn, in the splendour of that eternal day, whose glorious luminary was then rising upon her soul, and disclosing the ineffable beauty of the new heavens, and new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

Reader, before you lay down this little volume, pay a visit in imagination to the spot where the mortal remains of CLEMENTINE are awaiting in peaceful repose the morning of the resurrection, and the signal of the

Archangel's trump, to awake from their slumber and put on immortality. Go to the Père la Chaise, that most remarkable cemetery of the world. Within its vast circumference are deposited the ashes of the pomp and chivalry of modern France. See tombs rising beyond tombs far as the eye can reach, in countless numbers, and in forms so various and so beautiful, that it would seem as if the sculptor's art determined to make the city of the dead vie in elegance with the city of the living.—there, surrounded by marshals and noble philosophers and scholars, poets and artists sleeps this young and meek disciple of Jesus; and who that believes in revelation, and looks from the vanities of time to the realities of eternity, would not prefer the simple record of her lowly tomb, to the wreaths of fame which hang on the proudest monuments of unsanctified genius. The visitor may pass by *her* memorial, to read names that are copied into the page of history, and which are illustrious in the annals of Europe; or when stopping at the grave of CUVIER to

pay a tribute of deserved respect to that great man, may know nothing, and therefore care nothing about his sainted daughter; but when those marbles shall burst open at the blast which is to awaken the dead—then shall it be found that sincere and humble piety has a greater and more enduring excellence than fame, or rank, or wealth. Then shall CLEMENTINE come forth to glory, honor, and immortality, while they who sought distinction only in the field of battle, the school of learning, the hall of science, or the arena of politics, shall be swept away and all that they have done, with the refuse of the nations that know not God.

Remember CLEMENTINE CUVIER; and remember also it was divine grace that made her what she was. The same grace, rich, free, and undiminished, remains to make you like her, if you desire the resemblance. Be this your prayer, presented in sincerity, in faith, in fervour, and till it is answered;—
“ God of all power and grace, for the sake of Jesus Christ, thy only Son, our Saviour,

enlighten my dark mind, renew my hard heart, correct my worldly taste, and sanctify my unholy life by that divine Spirit, whose beautiful creation has been set before me in this memoir, that I may live as she lived, die as she died, and with her and all thy saints, inherit thy kingdom and glory for ever. AMEN."

A P P E N D I X.

A SECOND edition of this little work having been called for soon after the publication of the first, it would have appeared long ago, had I not indulged a hope that I should have been able to procure some extension of the narrative from its able and devoted author. In that hope I have been disappointed, with the exception of one beautiful fact, which occurred after the death of CLEMENTINE, which will be found at the close of her too short memoir, and which is not only honourable to the taste and tenderness of her illustrious father, but so far as it goes, is an indication of his approval of his daughter's religious character.

I deem myself fortunate in having met with a portrait of this lovely young Christian. It was originally engraved in France, from a picture taken by Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, and was copied some few years since into one of the *Annals* published in London, and accompanied

by some verses written by Miss JEWSBURY, afterwards Mrs. FLETCHER; who, alas! since then has followed the subject of her spirited verses to the tomb.

I am sorry that the purchasers of the first edition should not be in possession of the portrait, but I am sure they would think me culpable if I were to withhold it on this account from those who buy the second. All I can do is to regret that I had it not before. A similar remark must be made in reference to the Appendix, which contains the dying experience of Miss MARTHA S——, and which I thought too interesting and too much in harmony with the case of CLEMENTINE to repress.

THIRD EDITION.

By a singular mistake I gave the name of ELLEN to this deceased young lady, in the second edition :—it should have been MARTHA. ELLEN is the name of an elder sister, who I am happy to say is still living. When it is considered that I had not long known the family, the error will be easily accounted for.

EDGBASTON, 1837.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LAST HOURS

AND

PEACEFUL DEATH

OF

MISS MARTHA S—— -

MEMOIR OF MARTHA S.

ONE morning I paid a pastoral visit to a young lady, a member of my church, whose family had not long removed from another part of the country to reside in Birmingham. On my rising to retire, my young friend informed me that she had an invalid sister, whom she expected every moment from her chamber, and who she said would be much gratified to see me. I had scarcely resumed my seat, before there entered the room, a most lovely and interesting young person, whose features, naturally extremely pleasing, derived additional beauty from the fatal hectic with which they were a little flushed, and which had been increased by the exertion of coming down stairs. What added to the interest of the scene was the presence of two other sisters, besides the one already mentioned, and who themselves appeared in delicate health. As soon as MARTHA, for such

was her christian name, had recovered her breath, which had been rendered short and rather difficult by the exertion of descending from her chamber, I entered into conversation with her on the circumstances of her affliction ; a subject, which though in most cases gloomy and depressing, checked not for a moment the sweet smile which played upon her engaging countenance. She soon informed me that she felt she had the sentence of death in herself, and considered her illness as a voice from the tomb ; and spoke of dying as one that was familiar with the awful topic. “ I have neither love of life,” she said, “ nor fear of death : and although I am leaving the world when its prospects were become most flattering and alluring, I do not regret it ; I have only one desire, and that is after more communion with God.” There was a tear in her eyes, but it was not the tear of disappointed hope, or bitter regret, but only the tribute of nature, refined, but not destroyed by grace, and which in fact added a charm to the beauties of holiness, that so evidently invested her character. The

whole strain of her conversation was so calm, so collected, so dignified, evincing such meek submission, such humble piety, such weanedness from the world, and such longing after immortality, that I gazed at her with wonder and delight, and left the house thinking and saying that I had scarcely ever witnessed any thing so seraphic.

On subsequent enquiry, I found that the family of which she was a member had suffered much, and often, from the ravages of death. First they lost their father, who died when he was little more than forty years of age, leaving a widow and a numerous family. A few years afterwards one of her brothers died; then in the course of a few months, a sister; and in about two years subsequently, another brother. Death, when he once enters a large family, seems often to delight in multiplying his victims, and accumulating his spoils, till the late flourishing and numerous household is left but a wreck for a widow's tears to fall upon.

These affecting breaches in the wide circle

which MARTHA had been accustomed to meet in her mother's house, appears to have produced a deep and salutary impression upon her mind. She saw in them sorrowful proofs of the brevity and uncertainty of life, of the vanity of the world, and the necessity of being ready for an early grave. But there were other lessons to be learnt from these scenes of mortality. She saw what religion was in its excellence and power, in the happy deaths of her relatives, especially in the closing scene of her brother's life. She was the astonished witness of the resignation and patience with which he bore his sufferings, and the peace and hope with which he marked the advances of the King of Terrors. As she ministered occasionally at his sick bed, she listened to his pious counsels, and received his affectionate admonitions; and seeing how a young husband and father was enabled by divine grace to leave the wife of his youth and his babes, not only without a murmur, but with a desire to depart and be with Christ, she became anxious to be a partaker of that same

piety which yielded him such strong consolation in his dying moments. From that time, now about three years since, the salvation of her soul became the object of her supreme concern; and she sought it, where alone it is to be found, by faith in Jesus Christ.

MARTHA had been declining in health for some time; but on the eleventh of May last, on returning from public worship, she ruptured a blood vessel in the lungs. It matters nothing, where, or how, or when the Christian is smitten for death; he is equally prepared for the stroke, whether he be in God's house, or in his own; in his secular pursuits, or in his devotional exercises; in the closet of private prayer, or in the place of public resort; and yet we attach an imaginative interest to some scenes above others. What the subject was which had engaged this pious girl's attention in the sanctuary, or what were her meditations on her way home, cannot now be ascertained; if it could, it would perhaps be found to have been some theme specially adapted to her situation by Him who foresaw

the scenes which lay before her and knew what was necessary to prepare her for them. This attack of disease she received as an intimation that she must be ready for the speedy coming of the Son of Man. Among her private memoranda, she had made the following entry relative to the event,—“This dispensation of mercy brought eternity to my view, and in the evening I had the sweet assurance that sudden death could have nothing to alarm me.” How strange will it sound to many to hear a young and beautiful woman, with all the ordinary, and some of the extraordinary reasons for wishing to live, talk of an event which would in all probability issue in death, as a dispensation of *mercy*. Yet this was neither unnatural nor irrational. All things work together for good to them that love God ; and *death* is placed by the Apostle amongst the privileges of the child of God. All is in mercy that God does to his people. He loves them with an infinite love, and having both omniscient wisdom, and omnipotent power to fulfil the purposes of his love, he can do

nothing *contrary to mercy*. This it is the business of faith to believe, nothing doubting, and it was one of the triumphs of MARTHA'S faith to believe that even the rupture of a blood vessel was a dispensation of mercy. She at once gave up all hopes of recovering, and many times referred to the day with manifest pleasure.

O how religion changes the aspect of every thing terrible, and makes that an object of complacency, which apart from it is an object of unmixed dread and dislike. It has power to make afflictions sources of joy, and death a matter of desire.

During her illness, MARTHA acquired exalted ideas of the heavenly world. Her faith pierced the veil that hides the unseen state from corporeal vision, and gazed upon the things that are eternal. "I know not," she would often say, "what all the employments of heaven may be, for it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but I know that I shall be in the presence of God and see Christ, and that will be enough. I shall be perfectly happy for I shall be perfectly holy."

At the time of her attack in May, she was engaged in the bonds of plighted love to a gentleman to whom she was tenderly attached, and to whom at no distant period she was to have been married. It is vain to suppose that she could turn from the altar to the tomb, as an object of contemplation, and from this dearest of all friends to the arrest of the last enemy, without a severe struggle between an earthly and a spiritual affection. The conflict was short, the victory complete; and it was at once the greatest effort and brightest triumph of her faith, to be made willing to give up even this dear object of her heart, and to depart to be with Christ. In reference to this event she sometimes said, "It is mysterious, but I know it is all right. My heavenly Father knows what is best for me." "I never," says her sister, "saw greater firmness in her, than when she adverted to this disappointment of her hopes."

As I did not apprehend from my first visit that her end was near, and as I was much from home, I did not again see her for some

time; and O that all my young friends could have seen her as I then saw her, lovely in death, like a moss-rose bud nearly severed from its stock, and just ready to fall on the ground, with its opening beauties possessing still their freshness and their fragrance. There was not the shadow of a shade of impatience, anxiety, or fear, to becloud her beautiful countenance, to check the smile which irradiated her features, or to dim the ray of hope which glittered in her fine expressive eye, as it turned to that heaven whither her heart had already ascended. What painter's skill could pencil the looks which I then saw? All was peace and more than peace; it was a peace that passeth understanding, rising into a joy unspeakable and full of glory. Christ, and Christ alone, was her refuge; and she confessed her exclusive dependance on his blood and righteousness for acceptance with God. She knew in whom she had believed, and was persuaded he was able to keep that which she had committed to him until the day of Christ. I pass over much that was said

during that most solemn and delightful interview, to mention one remark: "Do you *now* feel any regret," I said to her, "that you are leaving the world so early, and when its prospects were becoming so attractive?" With an ineffable smile, she replied, "*Our great business in this world is to obtain the salvation of our souls; and having secured that, I have accomplished the end of my existence.*" Glorious and immortal truth! Mighty sentiment! Profound wisdom! Worthy to be printed on the firmament in starry characters, and to be written in sun beams on the tablet of earth for human eyes to read, and human hearts to study. Let the young ponder it at the commencement of the great journey of life: let it be weighed by those in the MIDST of life, and by the aged at the END of life. Gain what we may, life is lost if the soul be not saved; while on the other hand, if the soul be saved, we have secured the end of life, from whatever possessions, or from whatever prospects, we may be called by death to depart.

One day, about this time, MARTHA said to a friend, "I sometimes regret the time that I spend in sleep, since it deprives me of so much opportunity for communion with God." This was much indeed to say, for a young person dying of consumption, whose slumber was so much interrupted by feverish restlessness and almost ceaseless coughing, and to whom the hours of sleep ever brought with them an oblivion or respite of her sufferings.

A time was fixed for a last sad interview with her once intended husband. In this scene her faith shone forth in all its brightness, and patience had its perfect work. While all around were filled with poignant grief, *she* was calm, serene, composed. Having affectionately uttered some pious counsels to this friend of her heart, and pointed him to that heaven on the verge of which he saw her, she took her last farewell, and gave her last look with a tranquillity and fortitude that surprised every one, and which proved that she was now enjoying too much of the "excellent glory" to suffer intensely from the

rending of any earthly ties whatever. She looked up into heaven, and saw Jesus waiting to receive her spirit, and felt that she could leave for *Him*, even that friend with whom it was once her fondest worldly hope to tread the path of life in company. The scene scarcely ruffled her peace, or drew from her soul one longing lingering look to earth, for heaven was fully in her view.

During a paroxysm of severe bodily suffering which came on soon after, she requested a beloved sister to pray with her, whose supplications greatly soothed her; she then desired the family to be called into her chamber. "Sing some hymns to me," she said, "for though I cannot *sing* with you, I can join by repeating the words." It was done, as well as the feelings of her sisters would allow, whose voices sounded in *her* ear as the distant echoes of the songs of the Redeemed above, which she was soon to join. Becoming drowsy, she said, "It is sweet to fall asleep singing the praises of God."

"In the midst of sufferings too painful to

describe," said her sister in a note, "MARTHA could smile, and tell us Jesus was near to her. Her countenance at all times animated and happy, was unusually so now; it beamed with ineffable brightness, and was a strong and beautiful evidence that all was perfect peace within. When she could no longer articulate, she *looked* all we could wish her to say. About five minutes before she expired, her agonies ceased—she recognised all of us—and as though to bid a last farewell, she smiled, and exclaimed—"Happy, happy!" Blessed state of mind! to smile and exclaim, happy, happy, even in the cold arms of death.

So died MARTHA S. Her last farewell to earth was uttered with the consciousness and the feeling that she was treading at that moment upon the very threshold of heavenly glory: and who then need wonder that she could speak of happiness even in dissolution. As she drew near her everlasting home, she saw the lights of her Father's house, and unconscious of the gloom of the dark valley of the shadow of death, from the midst of

which she beheld them, she gave expression to her feelings in a note of holy rapture, and left the world with accents which we may easily imagine were also the first she uttered as she touched the heavenly shore,—“happy! happy!”

Behold, Young People, another convincing proof and beautiful display of the power and excellence of religion, in the deep submission, the solid peace, the joyful content of this young lady, when called not only to resign life in the very morning of her day, but to turn from the altar to the tomb. When the symptoms of decline appeared, and the sad presages of her disease shewed themselves in a form not to be mistaken, there was no terror, no determined clinging to life, no dreadful recoil from death,—but a meek, gentle, and peaceful acquiescence in the will of God. What opportunity did not a consumption leave her, through sleepless nights and months of confinement at home, to think on all she was leaving; and yet through all this time,

she could see without repining, the visions of earthly bliss successively vanish, because she knew that in their place she was going to receive joys, which eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart of man conceived.

It cannot fail to be remarked that although her dying experience was eminently characterised through the whole of it by her own selected term "happy," yet she was a total stranger, like CLEMENTINE CUVIER, to the ecstasies into which some have been transported in the hour of transition from time to eternity; but far more was she a stranger to those alternations of hope and dread which now raise the soul to the very gate of heaven, and now fill it with despair; "least of all was she likely to be haunted by those spectral forms of departed guilt, which sometimes steal back even on the forgiven and accepted spirits under cover of that cloud of night, in which anguish and the terrors of approaching death so often involve mortality." She was full of joy and hope, but it was joy and hope, tranquil, serene, and unfaltering. This of

all states of mind, in which the Christian can meet the dying hour, is surely the most enviable; the most satisfactory to herself, and the most impressive to spectators. Such deep solemn tranquillity of soul at such a moment, is the surest evidence of the reality of religious character, and best illustrates the power of religious truth. It can in no degree be attributed to a fictitious source; to the illusions of a perturbed imagination, or to that morbid excitement,—that preternatural radiance, which disease (or opium) will sometimes impart to the intellect, and which resembles the delirious splendour it can sometimes kindle in the eye." Such was the state of mind of both the young persons whose death is narrated in this volume: it was not the rapture of imagination, excited by either material or spiritual stimulants, but the joy of reason, elevated, sustained, and sanctified by faith.

A SHORT MEMOIR OF MISS A. S-

SINCE the fourth edition of this work was printed, another branch of this family has been carried to the tomb, and the redeemed spirit of ANNE has followed her sister MARTHA to the realms of immortality. The family left Birmingham in 1838, to reside in the Isle of Man. I paid them a parting visit, and saw but too clearly, that I was taking my last leave of the subject of this brief sketch. She was not positively ill, for she went about as usual, but she was drooping, and a short hectic cough sounded in my ears like an audible prediction of her early death. I shall never forget her serious, calm, and collected manner, and the hallowed repose of her countenance and "conversation." She broke through her natural reserve, and, though with great modesty, spoke with considerable free-

dom on the momentous realities of the gospel of our Lord. She was evidently aware of her danger, and appeared to me to have her eye fixed on the cloud which had received the spirit of her sister out of her sight, when she ascended to glory. It was a solemn interview; we prayed, and parted for ever, till we shall meet at the gathering together of the saints unto Christ. She left for the Isle of Man, and after suffering a few months, under the disease which had reduced the family to a mere wreck, she was in heaven.

ANNE appears to have been decidedly pious long before her last sickness came upon her, though from a natural timidity and reserve, she disclosed her feelings to few. Meek, gentle, and retiring, she grew like the violet in seclusion, and matured unseen by the many, for heaven and glory. "When she bade adieu to her friends in Birmingham," says her sister, in a letter to me, "she was persuaded their next meeting would be in the presence of God. You will recollect your last visit, the remembrance of which you

said was never to be forgotten ; through a long and painful illness she would revert to it, adding, in allusion to what had at that time been said, ‘Yes, **THE FINISHED WORK OF CHRIST, is my only hope, my only ground of acceptance.**’ Soon after we were located in Douglas, the Rev. Mr. —, the Scotch minister, and our Pastor, called to see her ; indeed he was a frequent visitor, and I have heard him say, in all his experience he never witnessed such strong proof of the power of divine grace, in sustaining the soul in the prospect of death, as in this case. All who saw her bore a similar testimony. I cannot remember a single instance in which she was heard to murmur or complain. Her medical attendant would often say she was a patient sufferer. When she was spoken to on the subject of her affliction, she would instantly say, ‘Call it not affliction ; it has never been one to me. I have no wish to live. Many I love are in heaven, and *Jesus is there!*’ I shall pass over days and nights of protracted suffering, every moment of which gave testi-

mony that her soul was ripening for glory to the closing scene of her illness. One circumstance, I cannot omit, as it shows the bias of her mind in reference to eternity. The last night in the year 1838, she expressed a wish to be awake, just as the new year was ushered in. On being asked the reason, she replied, 'I began this year in the fear of God. I then had a strong impression I should end it in his presence. It seems I shall be absent a little longer, but I should like to commence the new year, praising him.'

"The seventh of January was her last conflict. I wish I could send you what I witnessed; yet language could but feebly tell the perfect triumph over the sting of death. Through the day it was evident her end was drawing near, though it was not anticipated quite so soon. In the evening her suffering became extreme. For a few hours she was indeed called to pass through 'the fiery trial,' but even then her countenance, distressed through great suffering, would frequently become bright and animated, and looking up to

those surrounding her, she would say, 'Be not discouraged because you see me suffer; call it not dying, it is only an entrance into life everlasting.' And then she added, 'Jesus fetch thy servant. I am not ashamed to own thee.' When she was a little better, and still expecting a return of suffering, she raised her eyes, and said, 'Remember, if I am too ill to speak in my last moments, I die happy, unspeakably happy.' She charged us all to meet her in heaven, saying that 'a few prayers and a few tears would not be sufficient to sustain the soul in the last conflict.'

"It pleased her Heavenly Father to spare her any return of suffering. In the last hour she seemed to be perfectly refined from all dross. I could only look on her as one who had seen the glories of the New Jerusalem, and was permitted a little while to hold converse with us. Being raised up, she repeated part of the last chapter of the gospel by Matthew, making her own observations as she passed along, dwelling more particularly on those words, 'He is not here—he is risen,'

exclaiming in ecstasy, 'My Saviour is risen ! and why ? 'That I might rise with him.' She then spoke of that beautiful tract 'The Refiner of Silver,' adding 'It is Jesus who sits watching the crucible ; that moment he sees his image there, he will bid me come to him.' Here her joy became so great that she said, 'I must be strengthened before I can behold the full glory of God.' Upon a friend remarking 'What a beautiful and heavenly countenance,' she replied, 'If there is any thing beautiful there, it is my Saviour's image reflected, not I.' Becoming exhausted she wished to sleep. Before she closed her eyes, she bid farewell to those who surrounded her : shortly after she whispered, 'I am in the valley now—it is not dark—I see a light—my Saviour is conducting me through—he is coming.' In a few minutes she gently fell asleep in Jesus. So gentle was her dismissal, that the spirit had left its clay tabernacle before we were well aware.'^a

Gentle, pure, happy spirit, thou art with Him who washed thee in his blood from all

thy sins, regenerated thee by his Spirit, and meetened thee by his grace to dwell in his presence ! Thy relatives who have passed on to glory before thee, had long beckoned to thee from the heavenly strand, and have now welcomed thee to that blissful shore, from which sin and sorrow are for ever excluded. Short and soon over was thy voyage, and having happily and early escaped the storms that sweep across the troubled sea of human life, by the fury of which so many are wrecked, thou hast entered that haven of peace, where no tempest rises, and no breakers roar.

Youthful reader, think of these two holy sisters, whose short annals you have now perused—and *what* think ye ? “ Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not (long) divided.” Ask the question of yourself, if you, amidst the gaieties of youth, and the pursuits of vanity, have yet tasted equal happiness in *life*, to that which they found in death. Is there not something here that is impressive, instructive, and requires your attention ? What must religion be that can

——— Make a dying bed
 Feel soft as downy pillows are.

If religion can thus strip off the terrors of death, and transform a dying chamber into the vestibule of the heavenly temple; if it can make the soul almost insensible to the agonies and throes of the last conflict; and amidst the adieus of the final separation, can enable the departing spirit to smile in peace, and utter words of joy and triumph, while all she is leaving are dissolved in tears—what must be its excellence and its value, and what, if you submit to its influence, would be its power to bless in life?

While your feelings are moved by the perusal of the foregoing narratives, and your heart is softened for the impression of divine truth, I would lay before you a summary of the motives to youthful piety.

It is commanded by God. “Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.” Whose ordinance is this? God’s. The eternal and omnipotent God interposes with his authority and enjoins the practice of piety

upon every youth of either sex. And he is a rebel against heaven, and setting out in life a traitor to the Most High, who is not giving his heart to love God, his life to glorify him. Religion is not only your duty at some time, but your duty *now*. It never will or can be more binding upon your conscience than it is at this moment.

Youth is the only season of which you can be certain. You may die, as millions have done, in the morning of your life. Your sun may go down ere it 's yet noon; and in that case, should you neglect religion, no other opportunity of attending to its momentous duties will ever be afforded you. There may be but a step between you and death; and from death to the bottomless pit, is but one step more, for all who die without religion.

If you should live, and live to old age, the great probability is, that if you neglect religion in youth, you will neglect it for ever. The mind is never likely to be more at leisure, nor more inclined to religion than it is at this moment; on the contrary, its impe-

diments and its disinclinations are sure to increase. Moreover, nothing short of the grace of God can convert the soul; and is he likely to bestow that grace hereafter, which is refused and despised *now*? By far the greater part of those who ever become pious, are made so in their youth. If therefore you decide to put off this concern now, you will put it off, in all probability, for ever. Now or never is the alternative. You ought to feel as if this were the only*accepted time; as if all eternity depended on the present hour; for it probably does.

Youth is the most favourable time, and that on every account. Cares, anxieties, and perplexities are few—the faculties of the soul are vigorous—the senses and energies of the body are lively—the heart susceptible—the conscience tender—the habits flexible.

'Tis granted and no plainer truth appears,
Our most important, are our earliest years;
The mind improvable and soft, with ease
Imbibes and copies what she hears and sees;
And thro' life's labyrinth holds fast the clue
That education gives her, false or true.

COWPER.

When the mind is full of the cares of a family or of a business, or the heart hardened by a long course of sin, or the conscience benumbed by repeated acts of resistance, or the soul grown carelessly familiar with all the most solemn topics of religion, is it then a more suitable or likely time for beginning attention to piety ?

Early piety is propitious to our temporal comfort, as well as to our eternal welfare. “Godliness is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.” 1 Tim. iii. 8. If, on the contrary, it were inimical to all our interests in this world ; if it prevented us from ever gaining wealth, and doomed us to abject poverty ; if it drove us out from society, and confined us to convents and monasteries, yea, to caves and dens of the earth ; if it made us objects of universal dread and detestation ; if it impaired our health, and required us to end a miserable life by the agony of martyrdom ; if it converted earth into a wilderness where not one spot of verdure, nor one spring of

consolation was to be found; if in short, it transformed our world into a purgatory, and our sojourn in it into a term of unmixed torment; still if it were necessary for the eternal salvation of our immortal soul, we should be fools to neglect it: how much more then, when it blesses us for time, as well as makes us happy for eternity; when it softens the cares, sweetens the comforts, protects the interests of earth, as well as guides us to the felicity of heaven. It guards our health, by keeping us from those vices which impair it; plants a fence around our property, by saving it from those sins that waste it; preserves our peace of mind, by restraining us from those actions which disturb it; makes us frugal, industrious, * and trust-worthy; and thus spreads its wings over all that is most valuable in life; while on those very wings, it raises us to glory, honour, and immortality.

It is the most happy life; and can you be happy too soon? Its ways are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths are peace. Its privileges and its duties, its present in-

fluence, and its future prospects, all lead to happiness. If it could make CLEMENTINE and MARTHA peaceful, composed, happy in death; if it could enable them, and thousands like them, to turn with a smile from the altar to the tomb, to accept with tranquillity the shroud instead of the bridal attire, and to quit with un murmuring acquiescence the most brilliant prospects, for the dark valley of the shadow of death; if its capacity and power to bless could not be destroyed even by these circumstances; if it can make the soul joyous under the uplifted dart of the King of Terrors—can it be otherwise than a never failing spring of delight amidst the scenes, the trials, the comforts, and the activities of life?

It is the most honourable life; and can you be invested with its rich and valuable distinctions too early? It is said, that “JABEZ was more honourable than his brethren.” 1 Chron. iv. 9. And why? Because he was pious. God bears the same testimony where he says, “Since thou wast precious in my sight, thou hast been honourable, and I have

loved thee." Isaiah xliii. 4. The pious are honourable in their *birth* ; for they are born from above, born of God, and are sons and daughters by regeneration. They are honourable by their *titles* and *relations* ; for they are the citizens of Zion, the servants of Christ, the wards of angels, the children of God. They are honourable by their *character*, for they are the possessors of truth, the lovers of virtue, the conquerors of Satan, the competitors for the crown of glory, and the imitators of God. They are honourable in their *destiny*, for they are going on to sit down with Christ on his throne, even as he overcame and is set down with his Father on his throne. They are honourable *now* ; their glory shall shine forth at *the last day* when the honours of earth and time shall set amidst the smoke of a burning world ; and their honours shall flourish upon their brow with amaranthine beauty and freshness *through eternity*.

Piety is the most useful life ; and can you too speedily begin to be a blessing to others ?

Religion will keep you from doing harm by the poison of bad principles, or the silent pestilence of an evil example. It will keep you as you pass along the path of life from seducing others into the bye paths of immorality and infidelity ; from increasing the groans and multiplying the tears of humanity ; from blasting the temporal interests and ruining the immortal souls of your fellow creatures. “ My principles,” said a dying infidel, “ have poisoned my friend, my extravagance has beggared my wife, and my example has corrupted my boy.” Horrible confession ! Religion would have prevented all this. It leads none by its influence to the hospital, to the workhouse, to the jail, to the hulks, to the gibbet, or to that last general and eternal receptacle of lost souls—the bottomless pit ; on the contrary, it tends to keep from all these. It is a source of instruction to the ignorant, of alms to the needy, of consolation to the wretched, of virtue to the immoral, of holiness to the wicked, and salvation to the

lost. It blesses by the silent yet potent influence of example; by the efficacy of prayer; by the diffusion of property; by the active power of a holy life; and the *passive* power of a happy death. Would you begin the world and pass through it, then, a blessing to your species, "Remember your Creator in the days of your youth."

Religion in youth will, if you should live to be old, *accumulate upon you the comforts, the honours, and the respect of an aged disciple*. Yours will be the hoary crown of righteousness, the old man's glory. Yours will be the calm summer evening of a long and holy day. The young will look up to you with veneration, the middle aged for counsel, and all with affection. "

There is something both of awful and of amiable goodness in a disciple of Christ, that has passed in honour the probation of seventy or eighty years. Not only is he esteemed and valued in the church, but even the infidel is abashed before his august and God-like presence.

It is a powerful motive to early piety, *that it would gladden the hearts of your parents* by putting an end to their most distressing solicitude concerning you, answering their most fervent prayers, gratifying their most ardent wishes, rewarding their most anxious labours, and awakening their most exalted hopes. O gladden the soul of your father, and cause your mother's heart to sing for joy.

Multitudes have regretted that they were not pious in youth, none have regretted that they were. From the midst of deep and complicated cares, sorrows, sins, and reproaches on earth; and from the midst of still deeper and more complicated torments in hell, many have exclaimed with a horrible emphasis of word, "Would God I had remembered my Creator in the days of my youth." On the other hand; how many during the trials of their pilgrimage below, upon the bed of death, and surrounded by the excellent glory in heaven, have said in a rapture of gratitude, "Adored be that grace which led my youthful feet into the paths of piety."

Religion commenced in youth, and sustained through a long life in unvarying consistency, will be followed and crowned with future honours in the heavenly world. There are different degrees of glory in heaven ; the nature of the case proves it, and the word of God confirms it ; and the fact is presented in scripture as an incentive to diligence, a stimulus to exertion. Salvation, I know, is all of grace ; and justification before God is by faith without works ; no man will have the smallest ground for boasting that he has deserved or obtained heaven by his own doings : one universal shout of "*Grace, grace,*" will burst from the lips of redeemed millions, as they turn their eyes to the Lamb, who has bought them with his blood—but still, there will be degrees of glory. Look up by faith into the heavenly kingdom, as it is revealed in the book of God ; see the many thrones that are set, and the many crowns that are prepared for the people of God—ask the question whose are the highest seats, and the

richest diadems ; and the oracle declares,
*Theirs, who live longest, and do most for the
glory of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.*

WHEREFORE, REMEMBER YOUR CREATOR
IN THE DAYS OF YOUR YOUTH.

FINIS.

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